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The Nation

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Vol. CXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3, 1929 No. 3326

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

THE SINKING of the British schooner I'm Alone by a Coast Guard cutter off the American coast, because she refused to heave to and submit to search as a suspected rum-runner, has caused Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador, to ask for an explanation from the State Department. One of the ship's crew was drowned or shot, and the captain was wounded. According to the captain, who admits that he carried a cargo of liquor, he was accosted on the morning of March 20 by the Coast Guard cutter Walcott outside the twelve-mile limit—a limit which Great Britain hesitatingly agreed to in 1923, expressly to aid the United States in enforcing the prohibition law. He refused to heave to and instead headed toward the high seas, pursued by the Coast Guard. Two days later and 200 miles from the place of encounter, he says, the Coast Guard fired upon and sank his schooner. The Coast Guard, on the other hand, holds that the schooner was first accosted within the twelve-mile limit. Even if this is true, the question still remains whether the cutter was right in pursuing a British ship 200 miles from the American coast and in sinking that ship on the high seas.

THE GREAT SPORT of not recognizing the Soviet Government goes merrily on. Thus in the suits now pending between the Bank of France and the Chase National Bank and the Equitable Trust Company of New York, in which $5,000,000 of Russian gold—shipped to America and claimed by France—is at stake, Federal Judge Goddard ruled that Soviet Russia might be judicially recognized by the United States in process of protecting the interests of its citizens, without political recognition by the federal government. In his opinion Judge Goddard said in support of this contention:

> That there is an existing government in Russia, sovereign within its own territory, cannot be and is not entirely ignored even by our own country, although it has not recognized such government. For instance, in proceeding to naturalize Russian citizens, the executive and judicial branches of our own government acknowledge the existence of "the present government of Russia" to the extent of requiring such applicants for citizenship to forswear allegiance to "the present government of Russia." A marriage which is valid under the laws of the present government of Russia is quite universally regarded as valid in this country.

According to this legal opinion, therefore, the two New York banks have the right as agents of the Russian State Bank to show title to the gold in question, although Soviet Russia has not been recognized by our Department of State. Chief among the defenses which Judge Goddard's ruling will permit to the American banks is the claim that the gold is the property of the Russian State Bank and an attempt to recover it should be made through regular diplomatic channels—since the Soviet Government has been recognized by France—and not through American courts.

SURPRISING IS THE ANNOUNCEMENT that Mr. Hoover has no wisdom on the agricultural question to communicate to Congress. It is stated on his behalf that he does not dream of infringing upon the prerogative of Congress and that it must draft its own bills. It is even said that his new Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Hyde, will not attend the sessions of the Senate Committee on Agriculture to aid in preparing a measure. Whether this is due to the fact that Mr. Hyde's experience with agriculture to this date has been chiefly the drawing of agricultural mortgages, or to the fact that the President wishes to throw the whole responsibility for the legislation upon Congress, we do not know. In view of the fact, however, that it is only a couple of weeks since Senator Brookhart announced, after a conference with Mr. Hoover, that the President had a thoroughly satisfactory agricultural policy and that the American people could trust him to provide a complete solution, it begins to look as if President Hoover bore considerable resemblance to a Mr. Hoover who was lately Secretary of Commerce. After assuring Mississippi and Louisiana that he would work out the problem of flood relief, he told a committee of the Senate that the solution would have to be left

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to water-power engineers and that he had no suggestions to make. So it looks as if Congress were left holding the bag.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Mr. Anderson notes in another column Mr. Hoover's admirable arrangements with the Washington correspondents. This is a service not only to the newspapermen but to the whole public. The Coolidge arrangement of the Unofficial Spokesman was nothing but chicanery and fraud. Mr. Hoover's return to common sense and decent relations with the public and its press representatives will commend him to every journalist who has at heart the dignity and the honor of his profession. So, too, the President's putting out of commission the Presidential yacht, Mayflower, ought to be acclaimed. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the use of this boat was nothing but a piece of Presidential graft, "honest graft" to be sure, but none the less graft, even though it was connived at by Congress. There never was any legislative provision for a Presidential yacht. The Mayflower was carried on the rolls as a gunboat and her nine officers and a hundred and forty-eight sailors were given credit for sea service although they were actually tied up to the wharf in Washington except when they took the President off for week-end "cruises" on the Potomac. It was demoralizing for the crew and demoralizing from the point of view of the public, for it was a plain misuse of naval funds—fully $300,000 a year.

ACCORDING TO F. P. A. of the New York *World* there has been a cold wave in Texas but "nothing ever ruins the Oklahoma impeach crop." Governor Henry S. Johnston, being overripe, was plucked by the State Legislature on March 20 for general incompetence in office. No sooner had the legislators impeached the governor than they voted thirty-two impeachment charges against three justices of the Oklahoma Supreme Court who had backed Johnston in his fight to the extent of ruling that the legislature could not meet in special session last year to investigate him. If the articles of impeachment are to be believed, Chief Justice Charles W. Mason acquired a handsome $4,000 automobile as an extra-legal reward for services rendered. The California impeach crop is not so large as that of Oklahoma, but it is reported to be equally overripe. Judge Carlos S. Hardy of Los Angeles accepted a free-will offering of $2,500 from Aimee Semple McPherson while the evangelist was before the courts. Unfortunately the check for the $2,500 was marked on its face as paid for legal services. Judge Hardy was dropped for unprofessional conduct by the American Bar Association, and later was impeached by the legislature of California. He is on trial at this writing. Meanwhile in Louisiana Governor Long, threatened with impeachment for conspiring to murder a political opponent, faces a hostile legislature.

> Thirty years ago the advocate of peace was likely to be a long-haired fellow with dreamy eyes. Today he is the hardest-headed man in town. It is truthful to say, I think, that business is opposing war and that its opposition daily becomes more pronounced.

THUS SPOKE RALPH HAYES, vice-president of the Chatham Phenix National Bank and Trust Company in New York City, the other day to members of the American Bankers' Association. He went on to declare that the interest in peace now displayed by business men is partly due to the fact that "business has become more intelligent" and partly to purely economic reasons. Apologizing for putting his case on a purely material basis, Mr. Hayes pointed out that the cost of war had so increased as to make it a calamity to the victor. In another war, every salvo of artillery would hit a debtor and every bomb dropped by airplane would kill a customer. He concluded thus: "Let us appeal to the heads and the hearts of men and of nations, but let us not fail to appeal also to their pocketbooks." This is delightful doctrine indeed, and if we hear much more of it we shall begin to think that business is moving in the direction of common, ordinary intelligence. But until it realizes that the next war will challenge the very existence of civilization, that the present expenditure for armaments past and present, according to Secretary Mellon, god of the bankers, takes eighty-five cents of every American dollar raised by taxation, the business world will have to face the charge that it is neither intelligent nor hard-headed, but just sublimely stupid.

MEANWHILE MILITARISTS remain the same the world over. The Poincaré Government has just weathered another crisis because of the tragic deaths of 200 (another report says 300) French soldiers of the garrison of Germany during the influenza epidemic and bitter cold of February. Bad organization and the sending of new, fresh recruits to do service under the harshest possible conditions were the reasons given for the calamity. Marshal Pétain attributed the high mortality to the inability to get more doctors and nurses, to insufficient housing, heating, and food. General Goubeau, commanding the Thirtieth Army Corps, was censured for parading his soldiers for three hours in the snow with the temperature at four degrees below zero. The commander of Trier, General Departounneaux, was dismissed because he gave a masked ball on one of the coldest nights, when the hospital was full of dying soldiers, and ordered every officer to attend though many did not wish to do so. The commander of an infantry brigade was dismissed for drilling and marching his soldiers under incredibly cruel conditions. Marshal Pétain explained that things would not have been so bad if army regulations had permitted the soldiers to wear scarfs or turn up the collars of their overcoats and to omit sentry duty at times. Yet these military men, all alike the world over, insist that they alone know what the safety of the country requires.

THE BALDWIN GOVERNMENT received a severe set-back in Great Britain's "little election," when three out of five Conservative seats which were at stake in by-elections in the course of one week were lost, one to Labor and two to the Liberals. The great increase in the Labor vote was expected, but the Liberals' showing was somewhat surprising. Lloyd George continues to demonstrate that he is the world's most successful political promiser, for apparently the same men who swallowed his pledge to make the Kaiser pay for the war in the "khaki election" are gullibly accepting his current promise to abolish unemployment. The result forecast through the by-elections is not a pleasant one to contemplate. Betting in London favors a Parliament about evenly divided between Labor

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and the Conservatives, with the Liberals holding the balance of power, a situation in which no party would be responsible for the fruits of bad government. The Conservatives might hope to win the general election on May 30 if they could fall back on an eleventh-hour anti-red hysteria, but the recent news from Berlin that the notorious Zinoviev letter which figured in the election of 1924 was probably produced by the Orloff gang of counterfeiters makes another "red menace" election improbable. The most disturbing dispatch from London is that of the New York *Times* correspondent, who writes that voters are beginning to demand representatives in Parliament from their own districts. We hope that the peculiarly American disease of provincial pride in politics will not alter the traditional British notion of electing the best man no matter where he lives.

AMERICAN APARTMENT HOUSES are to rise in the heart of Moscow if the $25,000,000 contract recently signed between the Soviet Government and the Longacre Engineering and Construction Company of New York City is carried out. These apartments will be Americanized in structure but not in ownership, for the Soviet Government decrees that dwellings shall be the property of the state, administered by house committees elected by the tenants, and rented to workers in accordance with the Communist conception of usefulness to the community. Since the revolution the Russian Government has charged rent to tenants according to their income and position, always favoring the wage workers and charging the "nepmen"—persons engaged in private industry—two to ten times as much for the same privileges. While this plan has moral justification, the people of Moscow have suffered unspeakable hardships because of overcrowding. The city has grown to a population of 2,000,000 with an estimated average of 4.2 persons to a room. The Government's dreams of community cooking have never been realized, for, in spite of the alleged break-up of family life in Moscow, the Russian family is still individualistic. Now comes the American bathtub, dumb-waiter, steam radiator, and Yale lock to make that individualism clean, warm, and safe. So long as the Russians do not copy our economic inequalities we should be flattered by the imitation.

WHEN JUDAH L. MAGNES left this country for Palestine liberals had cause for regret. Whether it was the hardship of the sweated needle-trades worker, famine sufferers in Europe, or world peace, every forward movement could count on the active assistance of his brilliant and moving eloquence. Liberals can now rejoice that perhaps Dr. Magnes went to a larger sphere of influence. During four years the Hebrew University has made rapid strides under his chancellorship not only as a center of Jewish learning, but as a meeting-place for all people of the Near East, Moslems and Christians as well as Jews. The fostering of Arab scholarship in the Institute of Oriental Studies—one of the six institutes already organized at the university—should go far to mitigate the friction which is inevitable between old settlers and newcomers in the early stage of colonization. The research which has been carried on in the diseases of the Near East—the study and control of malaria and sandfly fever have already reached an advanced stage—will be universal in its beneficial effects. For the hounded Jewish students and scholars of Eastern Europe the institution offers the facilities of a modern university where research and study can be pursued in a free and favorable atmosphere. It is a romantic undertaking, this Hebrew University, and to the credit of the Jews that in the first years of their return to their homeland it has received as much attention as irrigation, afforestation, and promotion of industry.

IT APPEARS from a recent study by the Department of Commerce that the night work and overtime employment of workers in cotton mills is harmful not only to the health of the workers but also to the well-being of the industry itself. Night work in the mills, the study reveals, is unnecessary to supply the normal demand for cotton goods. During five of the last seven years, in fact, the 37,000,000 spindles could easily have done the necessary work in a single shift per day—and even then 3,000,000 spindles would have been idle. Only twice in the past seven years has there been a sufficient demand to warrant overtime operation of existing facilities. With these facts so neatly and accommodatingly presented, one might imagine that the textile manufacturers would quickly and voluntarily abandon night work to avoid overproduction, but thus far competitive jealousy has interfered. At the 1928 annual convention of Southern cotton manufacturers in Richmond the president denounced night work in strong language and his utterances were echoed by the Southern press. Since then the South has become sufficiently aroused so that State legislatures may prescribe by law what the manufacturers are too divided to accomplish.

DOES INTELLIGENCE depend on food? Does a full stomach make a sound mind? Is heredity largely determined by the quality and quantity of one's victuals? These questions arise as the result of experiment by Dr. John Munroe of Long Island University over a period of sixteen years. Five thousand school-children have been subjected to tests at various periods in their lives; 700 of the group were followed through college into business life. Dr. Munroe sums up his findings as follows:

> Intelligence is not constant, nor is it entirely hereditary. Much of the present shortage in intelligence may be alleviated when it is recognized that the physical and chemical surroundings of the germ plasm prior to birth may hopelessly condition that plasm into idiocy after birth; that the expectant mother probably does require food and health care for the developing embryo in order to produce children of high intelligence; that the vicious food conditions, the sanitation and hygiene, the brutality of many homes appear to be the conditioners of moronity and border-line dulness; and that rapidly developing intelligence must be stimulated on all levels incessantly if it is to come to full development.

If Dr. Munroe's findings are sound, they will be a terrible blow to those persons who have fondly imagined that intelligence came as a direct gift from God. What makes a man distinguished? we ask. Wealth, perhaps; force of character, ancestors, education, natural capacity, all contribute; and there is in addition, we have always believed, a mysterious power that emanated from a few persons and was non-existent in the mass. If that power depends partly on an adequate diet, cannot the history of mankind be written in advance, by man himself instead of by chance?

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The World Court Again

AGAIN the adherence of the United States to the World Court has become an active issue. Had it not been for the difficulties created by the practice of the Court in giving advisory opinions to the Council of the League of Nations, the United States would doubtless have joined the Court in 1926. Advisory opinions have been requested by the Council in some twenty cases, as against thirteen formal judgments between litigating nations. An advisory opinion is legally binding upon nobody.

The Senate was suspicious of the whole procedure in regard to advisory opinions. It had been made so by the proceedings in the Eastern Carelia case, where the Council censured the Court, and by numerous incidents involving the relations between the two bodies. It is a practical fact that any large Power on the Council can prevent the submission to the Court of a request for an advisory opinion.

Hence, the famous Senate Reservation Five—that the Court shall not "without the consent of the United States entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest." After several nations had accepted this reservation—written by friends, not enemies, of the Court—Sir Austen Chamberlain called a meeting of the Powers to present a united front. In the Geneva conference of September, 1926, the Powers found the Fifth Reservation puzzling. In view of the fact that only the Council or Assembly can initiate a request for an advisory opinion, a way had to be established for determining with reasonable speed whether the United States had or claimed an interest in the question to be submitted. The conference manifested doubt as to how American "interest" would be expressed. It declared that it was not known whether a request for an advisory opinion required unanimity on the part of the Council or not. Unanimity had, in practice, always been had, but though action by the Council has to be unanimous in matters of policy, a majority vote is sufficient on a question of procedure. The point was made that a request for an advisory opinion might be regarded as a question of procedure. In that case the reservation of the United States, conferring on it a veto power, would give it rights superior to those of the other members of the Court. The Powers conceded that, where the United States was a party, no advisory opinion could be asked of the Court without the consent of the United States. But where the United States merely claimed an interest they were willing to grant only the same effect to a negative vote of the United States as to that of any other nation—a veto only if unanimity was required.

It was argued in this country that a member of the Council was not required, in support of a negative vote against a request for an advisory opinion, to explain the vote or claim an interest. The United States, on the other hand, would have to explain the nature of its interest and the reasons for its objection, if any, though it was by no means certain that the United States would refuse its consent to the submission of questions in which it had or claimed an interest. It was said here that what the United States sought was equality, not merely with a single member of the Council, but with the Council itself. In support of this position it was pointed out that by the report of the Inter-Imperial Conference at London in November, 1926, the British Government agreed not to deal with or decide or submit for decision any question involving the interests of any Dominion without the consent of that Dominion.

President Coolidge and Secretary Kellogg regarded the counter-proposal of the Powers as unacceptable and negotiations were dropped. But taking advantage of the signing of the Kellogg Treaty and its promise of a settlement of disputes by peaceful methods only, the Secretary of State reopened the question last February, and Elihu Root, as a member of the Committee of Jurists, submitted proposals for bridging the differences. These proposals as modified by Sir Cecil Hurst, the draftsman of the Geneva counter-reservations of 1926, offer a compromise, and outline the procedure for dealing with an objection by the United States. The United States is to be notified at once of any request for an advisory opinion, and is to be given opportunity to express its objection. The Council, however, reserves the privilege of overruling the objection and submitting the question notwithstanding, in which event the United States has the privilege of withdrawing from the Court. The question whether a majority vote suffices to submit a question is still left undecided.

Will this solution meet with the Senate's approval? In favor of the proposal it may be said that the United States obtains its opportunity to object and that it is hardly conceivable that the Council would go so far as to flout the United States and invite the destruction of the Court—for withdrawal would create an unhappy situation, with political ramifications. Nor is it probable that the United States would advance an objection unless it were deeply concerned. Thus the danger to the United States would be theoretical or academic. Against the proposal it may be said that the position of the United States would not be one of equality with other members of the Council. England and France are not, in practice, overruled; the United States might be.

But until the Powers of Europe sign and ratify Article 36 of the Statute of the Court, which provides for the obligatory submission of exclusively legal questions, such as the interpretation of treaties and pecuniary claims for legal injuries, their professions of faith in the Kellogg Treaty should not be taken too seriously. The United States signed without reservation such an agreement for obligatory arbitration of legal questions in the recent conference in Washington with Latin-American states. That treaty should be promptly ratified; and the United States can assume a position of leadership by offering to sign Article 36 of the Statute if, as Germany already has done, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan will do so. If they will, the question of advisory opinions assumes a minor place, and the Court could either drop the advisory opinion, which for many reasons might be recommended, or the Council could set up its own Committee of Jurists from men like Hurst, Fromageot, Gaus, and others to advise it on legal questions.

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Sifting Immigration

THANKS to the objections expressed by President Hoover and the determined opposition of some Congressional leaders, the "Anglo-Saxon bloc" in Congress is facing almost certain defeat in its attempt to force the application of the national-origins clause of the immigration act of 1924. The question involved is this: Shall we apportion our immigration quotas according to the number of immigrants in this country in 1890, or according to the national origins of all the people now in the United States? Since 1924 we have admitted immigrants from each nation up to a limit of 2 per cent of the foreign-born residents of that nationality in the United States in 1890. Many people have protested that this basis for a quota is accidental and illogical, that the number of natives from any given country who happened to be in the United States in 1890 has nothing to do with the moral right of citizens from that country to be in the United States now.

The truth is that all the plans for sifting immigration have been adopted not so much because of their logical consistency as because of the fear that we might be swamped by a Southern and Eastern European immigrant tide. Congressmen would be embarrassed in running for reelection if they said in so many words that they wanted to keep out Italians, Hungarians, and Russians, and admit Englishmen, Germans, and Scandinavians; so they hit upon the plan of limiting immigration according to the census of a year in which the Northern Europeans far outnumbered the Southern and Eastern Europeans in the population. The year 1890 happened to be the most convenient year to serve as the basis for this new policy of exclusion because the great wave of Southern European immigration did not reach our shores until the nineties.

But this 1890 quota-basis was put into the immigration act of 1924 only as a temporary measure. Congress decided that our permanent immigration policy should base immigrant quotas upon the contribution made by each nation to the white population of the United States as it existed in 1920. But how should this contribution be measured? Congress instructed a special commission composed of the Secretary of State, the Secretary of Commerce, and the Secretary of Labor to answer this knotty question. They were authorized to go back into the records and try to discover where the 100,000,000 American people who were in this country in 1920 came from. They fumbled several years, going back as far as the census of 1790. They rendered their final report in February, 1928, without recommending that it be put in force.

According to this report the application of the national-origins clause would work some rather startling changes in our immigration quotas. That of the English and the Northern Irish would be increased 93 per cent, the Dutch 91 per cent, and the Belgians 154 per cent, while that of the Germans would be decreased 49 per cent, the Scandinavians about 64 per cent, and the Southern Irish 37 per cent. To the horror of many of the champions of the national-origins clause the final figures showed that under the plan the quota of the Greeks would be increased 207 per cent, that of the Hungarians 83 per cent, that of the Italians 50 per cent, and that of Austria 80 per cent.

To apply this new quota-basis would not only reduce the immigration from Germany, Norway, and Sweden while increasing that from Southern and Eastern Europe, but it would base our immigration upon the veriest guesswork. Nobody knows what the contribution of each nation was to our population in the first century of American history. Not until 1820 were any official records of immigration kept and not until 1850 were the total numbers of foreign-born listed by their countries of origin. The Cabinet commission appointed by Congress, of which Mr. Hoover was a member, to prepare a basis for the national-origins clause admitted the flimsiness of its factual support when it declared that "the statistical and historical information available raises grave doubts as to the whole value of these computations as a basis for the purpose intended."

President Hoover has just proclaimed the national-origins clause of the immigration law to become effective July 1, but he will request the special session of Congress which meets on April 15 to repeal the provision which the law required him to proclaim. Since the House of Representatives has already voted for the repeal of this clause, and most of the Republican majority in the Senate is opposed to it, Mr. Hoover's policy seems to be assured of victory.

The theoretical case for the national-origins plan is quite appealing. If we must continue to sift immigration according to some geographical quota, there is a certain justice in allowing the nationalities to enter the United States in proportion to their contribution to our national stock. But when we lay aside this historical sentimentality and inquire what kind of immigration would be most valuable to America in the future, the present quota-basis seems definitely superior to the suggested reform.

A Censorship Wave

THERE seems to be a question whether such things as "crime waves" actually exist. We have no doubt, however, of the reality of censorship waves, which rise and roll over us and then temporarily recede at intervals of a year or less. Merely to list the activities of public bodies and private busybodies in defense of "morals," since the suppression in New York of "The Well of Loneliness" and the bringing of an action against Mary Ware Dennett for her pamphlet on sex, is to indicate the height of the present wave. "Two citizens" in Baltimore recently caused the arrest of the managers responsible for the production of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" in that city, although the court promptly dismissed the action. In Chicago "The Front Page"—still a New York success—was accused by the Illinois Vigilance Committee of being "obscene, indecent, and immoral," but here again the court dissented, finding in the play nothing worse than "robust vulgarities." In Philadelphia, "Young Love," after a four-weeks' run in New York, was banned under circumstances which are described on another page of this issue. Meanwhile college censorships are active: the first issue of the Harvard *Progressive,* an undergraduate radical journal, has delayed its appearance because newsboys were warned against distributing it. The magazine contained an article on the Sacco-

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Vanzetti case entitled President Lowell Should Explain. In St. Louis, students at the University of Missouri are disturbed over the dismissal of two members of the faculty of psychology and a student instructor for their circulation of a sex questionnaire among the men and women students.

A censorship wave is flooding Europe also. Copies of an unpublished collection of poems by D. H. Lawrence were intercepted in the mails by the British Home Office while they were en route between Italy and England. This occurence and the suppression of a novel, "Sleeveless Errand," by Norah James have been the subject of heated editorial controversy and debate in the House of Commons. Even in liberal Vienna a play has gone down before the wave. By direct order of the Government and its Catholic premier, Monsignor Ignaz Seipel, Max Reinhardt's production of "Marriages Are Made in Heaven" has been withdrawn from the stage. The result has been a violent protest on the part of the Socialists and their press, who charge the premier with establishing a church censorship of the stage.

One modest sign of tolerance—and in a quarter where darkness has reigned supreme: the Committee on Legal Affairs of the Massachusetts Legislature has unanimously reported out the revised book law drawn by Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* and others. Under the new law, which will almost certainly be passed, a book which is believed to be objectionable will be judged not by separate passages which taken by themselves might be considered obscene, but by the intent and effect of the book as a whole.

Ferdinand Foch

IT is no derogation of Marshal Foch, who has just died in France after a long illness, to say that the creation of the position of Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies on April 14, 1918, was more important than the choice of the man who filled it. For nearly four years the Allies had been fighting on the basis of mutual cooperation on the part of the generals, sometimes with success, often with disaster. The appointment of an Allied Commander-in-Chief was naturally difficult. Finally, however, after the victorious German advance in March, 1918, and the shattering of the Fifth British Army, there was no other way out. Up to that time the British utterly refused to listen to any such suggestion.

Marshal Foch took part in the Rapallo Conference of November, 1917, which created the Supreme War Council, and was first appointed to it but dropped out in favor of General Weygand. Clemenceau saw clearly immediately thereafter that the Commander-in-Chief must be Foch, and the British finally accepted this decision. It was the more remarkable because Foch had himself been removed from his command in 1916 after the disastrous offensive on the Somme. Captain Liddell Hart, in his excellent volume, "Reputations: Ten Years After" (Little, Brown and Company), declares that "the popular disappointment of the moment was used as a pretext for penalizing him [Foch] on account of earlier and more genuine mistakes." Joffre said at the time: "You are limogé, I shall be limogé, we shall all be limogé"—all the discredited French generals were sent to Limoges as their turns came. But though Joffre himself disappeared, he shielded Foch by giving him the position of president of a board of military studies at Senlis. Foch was thus "saved by a hair's breadth from disgrace," to be made chief of the French General Staff on the suggestion of General Pétain, and the Cadorna disaster in the fall of 1917 not only gave him a chance to redeem his reputation but to impress himself upon foreign observers and leaders. To Cadorna he said: "It is not with water-lines that you will defend Italy, but with the breasts of your soldiers."

Distinctly of the studious type—he had been a professor in the Ecole de Guerre and later its commandant—Foch was unpopular with officers and men prior to the war. But he had an extraordinary power, like that of General Grant, of attacking and attacking and never knowing when to give in. One sentence of his is famous: "My center yields, my right recedes, situation excellent, I attack." Like Grant he was as obstinate as it is well for a commander to be. When Haig and other British and his own generals came to him and demanded that they be allowed to retire, as during the dreadful days of Ypres, he refused to hear a word. As supreme commander he was extraordinarily fortunate that the German offensive had finally spent itself before he took charge. By July 18, 1918, the tide had begun to turn. On August 8 the British Fourth Army by a surprise attack inflicted a blow which Ludendorff declared gave the German army the blackest day in its history. But all commentators are agreed that Foch grew steadily as the war progressed; that he added a clear understanding of new methods and new materials to his fundamental belief that it is the will to conquer which counts most with generals and troops. Captain Hart declares that in the Polish campaign against the Bolsheviks Foch proved "that he had truly the genius for directing great operations." He adds: "It may be true that Napoleon forgot more than Foch ever knew. But Napoleon forgot. Foch learned."

The Marshal was one of those who felt that the American troops should not be allowed to have their separate organization when they reached France but should be broken up and distributed as individuals or in companies among the French and British organizations, and he often disapproved of General Pershing's arrangements. When it came to the armistice, Foch's opinion prevailed above that of all the other generals and statesmen. When Colonel House asked him whether he would prefer to have the Germans reject or sign the armistice as outlined to him in October he replied: "Fighting means struggling for certain results. If the Germans now sign an armistice under the general conditions we have just determined, those results are in our possession. This being achieved, no man has the right to cause another drop of blood to be shed." It was he who in the forest of Compiègne received the German delegates on November 8, 1918, with icy firmness, refusing their request for a provisional suspension of hostilities, declaring that "hostilities cannot cease before the signing of the armistice." In subsequent negotiations Foch frequently stood with the Americans against further encroachment upon German territory; he wisely favored immediate peace so that industry could revive, but he was dissatisfied with the treaty, and inveighed bitterly against what he called its failure to secure the French from German attack. He wanted to hold the left bank of the Rhine, even though Germany was disarmed.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

IT is possible to support the contention that much good may come out of the guest-critic experiment now drawing to a close on the New York *World*. In selecting St. John Ervine as the pioneer for the visiting-reviewer movement the newspaper followed wholly logical lines. Mr. Ervine is the author of two admirable plays and an excellent novel. He is well known both here and abroad. Moreover, there was every reason to believe that the somewhat bleak and austere quality of the man's style would be a welcome relief to a city which was somewhat tired of mere cleverness being set forth as criticism. And Mr. Ervine as a product of an experimental playhouse might well have been hailed as one who would lend sympathy and understanding to that part of our theater which tries to establish itself on the stony and precarious ground lying beyond the lights of Broadway.

But even the most enthusiastic follower of the gentleman from Ulster must admit that his American adventure has not run along anticipated lines. "Real, honest-to-goodness, hairy he-men, great, big, chest-slapping beer wallopers always call themselves reporters."

This is St. John Ervine speaking. And again, "Hard workers—miaow!" And yet again, "You knock me spitless." But probably the most revealing line of all comes in a paragraph in which the Englishman of letters speaks of such young critics as come from Yale and Harvard. "When they refer to me," he writes, "they say with such scorn, 'That low brow!' "

This lets the secret out. Mr. Ervine's suppressed desires have overtaken him. Instead of being content to enter into competition with Joseph Wood Krutch, Stark Young, or Walter Prichard Eaton, Mr. Ervine has selected Walter Winchell as his model and his rival. Some sort of duel was inevitable. Any visiting journalist invites, among other things, comparison. Following hard upon the heels of Alexander Woollcott, Mr. Ervine naturally became a subject in discussion of comparative literature. Excited readers were certain to gather round the *World* the day after the play, or rather two days after the play, to determine whether the new reviewer was better or worse than the lost leader.

And in affairs of honor it is customary to let the visitor have the choice of weapons. Most unwisely the Ulsterite refused to avail himself of this privilege. He punned with Woollcott, he slanged with Mencken, and he wisecracked with Winchell. Not one of these men has ever written as fine a play as "John Ferguson" but each has an ability in his own field. Mencken's proficiency in the American language, for instance, is the result of painstaking effort and study. It cannot be learned by ear within a few weeks. And Mr. Woollcott's native talent for punning was reinforced by his connections. It was always possible for him to borrow the best of the mots exchanged each Saturday night in the Thanatopsis Inside Straight Club. Mr. Winchell's rise may seem meteoric to the casual observer, but when his life and works are considered in Freshman English classes a hundred years hence the wise professor will point out that the years he spent as a small time hoofer constituted a period of preparation. He did not drop his pumps for the pen until his message had taken form within his soul.

Each one to his last. These others have been faithful after their fashion. Mr. Ervine has endeavored to drop his *London Observer* manner in order to get closer to the heart of America. Never would he set down such vulgarisms as "miaow" or "spitless" for an English audience. Rather he has come among us like some trading Drake bearing bits of red flannel and cheap knives for the natives. With what eagerness he fastens upon himself the charge of "low brow." I for one am not willing to stand by silent while a visitor assails himself without just cause and reason. St. John Ervine is no low brow but a distinguished man of letters.

Damnation may very well have come out of the day of grace which his paper forced upon him. Other critics depart from the playhouse at full speed bound for the telegraph office. There they sit down and in great haste record their thoughts and impressions of the current drama. Here the New York *World* erred most grievously. While it may be that Mr. Ervine was somewhat dazzled by the city of dreadful noises it is only fair to say that his editors were also overawed by his reputation. The first fine raptures of the small fry might be good enough for other journals, but Mr. St. John Ervine must have time for rumination. Every word he wrote was to be precious and much too valuable to run the risk of helter-skelter transmission. In the mad haste of catching the edition a comma might be lost or fractured into a semicolon.

If pell-mell composition had been Mr. Ervine's lot in this country he would have poured out, in his half hour of extremity, pure St. John Ervine. We should have had reviews of a clear, austere, and intellectual quality. Somewhat after the fashion of Mr. H. T. Parker in the Boston *Transcript,* I imagine, although a little longer. But the twenty-four hours of breathing space enabled Mr. Ervine to fill his lungs and swim under water. He stooped to reach down to the bottom where the queer fish called Americans are supposed to dwell. Some of the entertainments which he witnessed were so trivial that they disappeared like wish-fulfilment dreams after a night of slumber. In such cases he was obliged to turn his back upon the drama and give us essays on the errors made by American women in the use of cosmetics. And never for a moment did he overlook the boys in the back room and the girls in the second balcony. He could not forget that we were multitude and it was his notion that a journalist should never fire over the heads of the crowd.

I think he erred. It seems to me that he should have sought counsel with a fellow-exile on his own paper—William Bolitho. Mr. Bolitho has not gone native. A taxicab driver was discussing him with me the other day. "Sometimes I don't get him," said the chauffeur, "but I always know there's something there." That is the better way. When Mr. Ervine leaves us each writing man in America should turn with a new spirit of dedication to the most important of all injunctions ever penned for authors—"Be yourself."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Mexico Rises Out of Chaos

By CARLETON BEALS

THE backbone of the military revolt in Mexico seems definitely broken. The complete house-cleaning may take weeks, even months; but for the third time, the revindicating regime of Obregon, Calles, and Portes Gil has suppressed the unruly military elements, originally utilized to achieve power, yet never reconciled to the new order. The three revolts of De la Huerta, Gómez and Serrano, Escobar and Manzo, occurring within the years 1923-1929, now fall into proper perspective. The brutal tradition of easy cuartelazo, of easy military treachery leading to success, has been given a further blow. These incidents of revolt now appear as minor episodes in the unfolding of a significant historical tendency; continuity is further established in the legal and political trend which began with the overthrow of the dictator Porfirio Diaz in 1910 and which successfully battled reaction against Huerta in 1913, assumed legal form in the constitution of 1917, and reached its maximum development under Calles in 1926.

Mexico has had, not many revolutions, but one major revolution of a hundred years' standing. Occasionally peace has broken out. This century-old revolution is the aftermath of over three centuries of misgovernment and degradation, a revolution for national, racial, and economic freedom. Twice this revolution has found clarified expression. First, in the Reformation of Juarez and that notable group of civilians: Lerdo de Tejada, Ocampo, Comonfort, Prieto, and others, who attempted to clear away some of the dead growth of ecclesiastic, military, and superstate privilege; who established the constitution of 1857 and the Reform Laws of 1859. Again, in the Madero uprising against Porfirio Diaz in 1910, with its subsequent counter-revolt of Huerta and the violences of the 1914-1917 epoch, which culminated in the constitution of 1917 and the regulatory laws of Calles (1925-1927): a curious intermixture of French-revolution democracy, proletarian liberation, Indian renascence. The original Mexican independence movement, while it released class and racial struggles, was in its final consummation a monarchist, Creole reaction, directed against the disturbing liberalism temporarily in power in Mother Spain.

The Calles Administration marked the high-water mark of the recent revolutionary period; the final delineation of the tendencies of the epoch, the definitive establishment of the 1917 constitution as a norm. The present conflict therefore comes at a moment of the summing-up of the various tendencies growing out of the revolution, a testing of those various forces at work in the Madero-Portes period. Significant—both the military elements and the extreme radical peasant and labor elements (and even the Conservative Labor elements) have broken away from the regime. Further significant—the various armed movements, with the one exception of the Huerta throwback (led by an old-school Diaz officer and the remnants of the Cientifico bureaucracy), have, during the past nineteen years, sprung from the revolutionary ranks. The reaction has never, since Huerta's downfall, been able to produce its own leaders or its own military force, but has had to depend upon renegades, as at the present juncture.

The Madero revolution was an inchoate outburst against the accumulated Colonial-Creole-Diaz oppressions. Added to the potpourri was the encroaching foreign industrialism, fundamentally alien to the country's institutions and psychology. Not only were the oppressed masses storming the bulwarks, but the ruling feudalism and foreign capital, though enjoying a remunerative mesalliance, were at each other's throats. Thus, the Madero revolt and its successors represented a radical movement of the masses, and at the same time a clearing of the ground of feudal weeds for the more effective invasion of foreign capital—in short a belated industrial revolution.

Carranza, who emerged successful in 1916, represented pacification, the gradual reestablishment of order, and the development of an ideology—the revolution become self-conscious. This ideology crystallized in the 1917 constitution. This constitution, promulgated in the days when the rising tide of proletarian unrest in Europe menaced the further conduct of a disgraceful war, appeared Bolshevistic (actually it was promulgated before the October Revolution in Russia), but viewed at this late cynical date, though it contains a few mild socialistic tendencies, the document preserves the old forms of republicanism and at the same time provides an enlightened code for the due conduct of capital and labor. It has, therefore, little kinship with the Soviet experiment. The socialistic features of the Mexican constitution bear a suspicious similarity to various nationalistic laws since springing up in Europe to prevent too great economic domination by American capital; and they bear a decided resemblance to the Crown provisions of the colonial epoch. The present Mexican constitution is therefore a "reactionary" attempt to restore the traditions of Mexican-Spanish law sadly wounded by certain individualistic innovations of Diaz, a "reactionary" effort to restore the Colonial attitude toward the sub-soil control of minerals and that new fluid mineral, petroleum, a "reactionary" effort to restore the inclosed *ejidos* to the villages, a compromise with the Indian renascence. In a recent interview with President Portes Gil, he stressed the fact that the official land policy did not go beyond that of the early viceregal governments, which were obliged to take the Indian into account and protect his common lands, however great the encompassing grants to nobility. If the 1917 constitution is to a limited degree a symbol of Indian renascence, also, paradoxically, it paved the way for a more orderly and systematic American penetration than the Diaz wild-catting.

But, though this is true, the revolution released many cross-currents. The revolution released the evils of the old feudal militarism, more or less kept in check by Diaz; and this militarism has been endeavoring to retain its caste privileges. This is the most fundamental explanation of the causes of the present revolt. But the revolution also released race aspirations; it released proletarian aspirations; it released new possibilities for industrialization; it cleared the

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way for modernization—and these are all enemies of the outworn militarists leading the present revolt.

After Carranza came Obregon. But Obregon, though he emerged as the maximum military chief of the epoch, did not advance the ideology of the revolution. He merely continued pacification more effectively; and to do so, embraced all tendencies, radical and reactionary. He consciously built himself power on the Mexican confusion, just as Madero had done, unconsciously. Obregon's presence on the scene, his entire political actuation blurred all issues. He played peasant against laborite, pitted both against the militarist; baited foreign capital with disorder, and out of disorder used his strength to attract foreign adhesion. The role of Calles became, therefore, that of final clarification of the revolutionary period, the drastic, unflinching putting-into-operation of the 1917 constitution. Obregon's recent, second return to power was, therefore, a throw-back. His campaign partisans included the old-line militarists, Manzo, Escobar, etc., the communists, and the extreme radical peasants. At the same time he had become one of the largest landowners in the country, and he had big personal dealings with California capitalists and the Standard Oil of California. He was capitalizing for his own purposes indigenous aspirations, local race loyalties. He still controlled part of the Yaquis, though he had also stirred up a war against them to dispossess them anew of their traditional valley-lands. He was even playing possum with the Catholics. With his death, these disparate elements naturally fell apart.

The result has been that Calles, rather than Obregon, becomes the true figure of the era. Calles's administration represented a decisive summing-up; the reaching of the highest point in the curve of revolutionary political development in all lines. It represented the fullest attempt to enforce the 1917 precepts. Under his Government the gravest crisis with the church was reached; and whatever the final compromise, if any, the effectiveness of the bulk of the religious dispositions has been permanently established. Calles's four years witnessed the culmination of the long struggle with the United States over petroleum, and a final settlement, to which all the oil people bow except the ubiquitous Guy Stevens and the Doheny crowd (for Doheny cannot possibly establish his titles except through successfully staged revolution). Calles went the limit in trying to create a truly national economy. The result has been a further regulation of foreign capital, the building up of norms. (Ironically the Electric Bond and Share Company now probably controls, through extensive purchases and concessions, during the past year and a half, the better part of the power and light resources of Mexico.) At the same time the land program was most fully carried out. Sixty per cent of all the land distributed in Mexico was given under Calles—by the accepted legal channels of the 1917 constitution, instead of the previous violent seizures. Too, the labor movement reached its greatest maximum official power and has now been definitely subordinated. Like capital, it has been reduced to a regulated status within the confines of the same constitution. All of these developments were featured by legislative activity; no greater body of constructive and definitely oriented body of laws has been placed on the Mexican statute books since the Reform Laws of 1859, which set the mold of Mexican legal practices for half a century. The laws of Calles set the final seal upon the revolutionary constitutional mold of today. Scarcely a provision in the constitution but what was given its necessary legal interpretation for proper enforcement.

This summing-up of so many of the tendencies of the revolution—not to mention the many efforts toward education, rural credit, cooperation, sanitation, conservation of resources, etc., which have tended to curtail the prerogatives of the militarists—inevitably demanded a showdown of forces. The apex of the revolution is symbolized in the figure of Calles. The question is: Will the legal boundaries of 1917 emerging out of the 1914-1917 chaos, finding scope through the armed pacifications of Carranza and Obregon, and receiving at last definite stabilization and application under Calles, serve now as the basis for a solidified government capable of transmitting power with a minimum of violence over an extended period? Or must Mexico retrace her steps toward the feudal control by the army, the ecclesiastics, toward the era of class rule? Or will she swing more definitely into the proletarian current and toward a modified Soviet system?

The prompt downfall of the present armed movement seems to provide the answer. Certainly the popular and military forces for new radical experimentation are lacking. At the same time, the feudal military elements are proving their incapacity, in spite of their long training during the more anarchic period of the revolution, to meet the more disciplined organization of the regular army which Calles had made somewhat subordinate to the state. Calles set out to educate the rank and file soldier. In 1927 fifteen thousand were taught to read and write. He shifted generals from one command to another to prevent unholy alliances. He cut out padded pay-rolls and graft. Thus the present struggle is also a struggle between two army systems. With the elimination of the more unruly *caudillos,* the way is open, if the Government is sufficiently energetic, to intensify the discipline already started, and destroy the worst cancer of Mexico's existence.

With the fading of the hopes of the revolters, the elections are reduced to the criterion of the "institutions and laws" of the revolutionary period. Antonio Villareal, an agrarian-militarist, whose traditions are of the first stormy era of the revolution and who has nothing in common with the closed files of the non-military peasant organizations, is eliminated as a candidate. Also Gilberto Valenzuela, the one intellectual stranded with the revolters, a pathetic figure whose partisans have all gone down the old chute of military disaster. Jose Vasconcelos, a brilliant man turned sentimentally mystic, will remain the only outstanding civilian to lead the feudal reaction; his cause, linked with a few mild have-beens of the revolution, and with the Catholic middle-class, can find but scant echo. Only the two Calles partisans, Pascual Ortiz Rubio and Aaron Saenz, both won over from the Obregon camp, face each other as protagonists within the Calles tradition.

Thus have the general outlines of Mexico's political order been determined for this generation. The mold, it seems to me, is set. This will probably mean, among other notable blessings, a rapid renewal of American economic penetration. What else can the armed loyalty of the American Government to Obregon in 1923 and to Portes Gil in 1929 signify? An era has closed in Mexico; Mexico has chosen the middle road.

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The President Goes into Action

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., March 25

THE President has just administered dreadful shocks to two of the most important elements which supported him in the election. He has shocked the farmers into pained amazement by disclosing that his personal, patented, and widely advertised secret formula for solving the farm problem does not exist, and that the task of solving it rests precisely where it always has existed, namely, with Congress. He has shocked Big Business into a purple-faced frenzy by ordering the Treasury Department to give full publicity to all tax refunds and credits of more than $20,000. I must say that I am neither shocked nor surprised. I never supposed that Mr. Hoover would be as good as the farmers hoped he would be, or as bad as Big Business hoped he would be. He is no "friend of the farmer"; neither is he a friend of corruption.

* * * * *

THE little surprise for the farmers arrived rather suddenly this week. For days the farm-bloc leaders had been besieging the White House for information. They pointed out that the special session called expressly to enact a farm bill was less than a month distant, that the committees were anxious to get to work, and that they could not proceed until the President acquainted them with the nature of his relief plan. Unproductive for a time, the siege was heightened. Presently an official statement was handed out at the White House. It declared that the President, always a firm believer in the Constitution, felt such a profound respect for the independence of the respective branches of Government that he would not think of attempting to dictate to Congress how it should legislate! As for his personal ideas, he had expounded them fully in his campaign speeches! The farm leaders gasped, and shivered. Well they might, for had they not assured their farmer constituents, when Al Smith was tempting them with promises of an equalization fee, that Herbert Hoover had a solution for the farm problem beside which all other solutions would seem pale and counterfeit? Nay, more—some of them had hinted broadly that they knew what the solution was, although, of course, they were not privileged to give the details. Now the blow has fallen, and there isn't a dry eye except here and there. What the outcome will be nobody knows. In this buck-passing contest Congress obviously has the best of the argument, because it is undeniable that Congress has proposed a solution, not once but twice, and Hoover has rejected it without offering one of his own. The ultimate result probably will be a weak compromise bill—a McNary-Haugen bill without the fee—creating a farm board that will give the farmers advice and encouragement. How Senator George Norris must chuckle when he contemplates the discomfiture of his farm colleagues!

* * * * *

THE tax-refund blow also fell without warning. Less than a month earlier Secretary Mellon had engaged in an acrimonious brawl with members of Congress who demanded that some light be permitted to reach the secret transactions whereby $400,000,000 was annually being taken from the public treasury and handed back to a class of taxpayers which included some of Mr. Mellon's own companies. Such a demand, he angrily declared, was an unwarranted aspersion on the integrity of his department, and would, if complied with, produce endless harm and confusion. His vehement opposition was successful in causing the emasculation of the McKellar amendment. Then, on a fine March morning a few days after Hoover entered the White House, came the announcement that Mr. Mellon had "voluntarily recommended" to the President that this hated policy be instituted, and that the President had issued an executive order making it effective forthwith. The "voluntary" aspect of Mr. Mellon's recommendation may be taken with any amount of salt that is desired, with no danger of over-dosage. A few hours before it was made he had a long private conference with the President. Prior to that, Hoover discussed the subject with Senator Couzens, one of the chief advocates of publicity. The fact is that the imperious Andrew was soundly sat on, and escaped with barely enough dignity to allow him to remain in the Cabinet. The local spokesmen for Big Business look grave when the subject is mentioned; they have the pained expression of men just beginning to wonder whether they have been deceived.

* * * * *

FROM this spectacle one turns reluctantly to contemplate another, which is less satisfying. It is easy to see that the "Hoover boys" are going to be quite a trial. Not since the days of the worshiping Woodrovians has personal idolatry attained such a virulent form among some Washington correspondents. For all his favor with their editors and business managers, the late Calvin received scant adoration from the reporters. It was simply impossible to work up a lather about the bleak, sharp-nosed, little lawyer-politician. Hoover, already a hero, promises to become a saint before his Administration is a month old. The King can do no wrong, and when the astounding discovery is made that he has no farm plan and never did have one, the news is conveyed to the public in the sugar-coated announcement that the President expects Congress to do its duty by the farm problem and that he solemnly promises not to interfere with its prerogative. When he put such party hacks as Jim Good and Arthur Hyde in his Cabinet the hallelujah chorus rejoiced that he had chosen men "with whom he could work." And so on, ad nauseam. Of course, sycophancy has its sorrows along with its ecstasies, as some of the boys realized when they sat down to compose hymns of praise to their idol for introducing publicity of tax refunds. The subject seemed familiar, and suddenly they were smitten with the horrible recollection that only a month earlier they had been hymning Mr. Mellon for refusing to introduce it. Nevertheless, they are carrying on bravely. In an article written by one of the most liberal, I find an indignant reflection on the system of press confer-

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ences which requires the President to stand up twice a week and submit to a variety of questions, some propounded by men "who have never even been introduced to him." One might suppose that the Presidency is a Hoover heirloom, and that press conferences are social events which only invited guests should attend! Is it necessary to point out that the President's business is the public's business?

* * * * *

I AM happy to be able to report that Hoover's own attitude is much more sensible than that of his devotees. Perhaps he is a little sickened by their greasy caresses, as Wilson often was. The fact is that he has drastically liberalized and broadened the relationship between President and press—in contrast to his predecessor, who constantly narrowed it. Under the new rules governing the conferences, the President's answers to questions are divided into three categories: those which may be quoted directly, those which may be attributed to the White House, and those which may be used only as the reporters' own information. The privilege of direct quotation is a radical innovation, and highly desirable. The mask of anonymity could never be justified. Its chief result, in practice, was to afford Presidents an unparalleled opportunity to broadcast propaganda favorable to themselves and their policies and to use the press of the country as a vane to discover how the political wind was blowing. As heretofore, questions must be submitted in writing, and those which necessitate research must be presented twenty-four hours in advance, which is reasonable enough. Oral questions are permitted when the President "opens up" a subject, and Hoover has been far more expansive in this respect than Coolidge was. A useful addition, moreover, is the new practice whereby George Akerson, the President's secretary, sees the correspondents in a body twice daily to answer the multitude of inquiries touching minor or purely local affairs under executive jurisdiction. Akerson, himself a former Washington correspondent (of the Minneapolis *Tribune*), is very effective at getting the facts and passing them on. From every standpoint of frankness, honesty, and practicality, the new system is a vast improvement over the one it supplanted.

* * * * *

ALL the reassuring news from the White House served to plunge Senator Borah into deepest gloom. There were a few days after the inauguration when it appeared as if he might be compelled to support the Administration for want of an issue on which to break with it. He succeeded in getting up a mild sweat over the delectable Mrs. Willebrandt's system of planting spies in the federal prisons, but despicable as the custom is, the evil was a little below Borah's range. It was not precisely the sort of evil that could be combated on lofty and obscure constitutional grounds. But Borah has his issue now; it is the difference in the language of World Court Reservation Number Five as the Senate wrote it and as Elihu Root has redrafted it. Borah could go along with Hoover indefinitely on the power question; he could stand for the appointment of Good and the retention of Mellon; but will he support an Administration which stands supinely by while Reservation Number Five to the World Court Protocol is being rewritten in a foreign land under foreign eyes? Never, while power remains to draw a breath! It is perfectly characteristic of him. I think Borah's position is sound—but what a struggle to pump up a little issue when so many big ones are lying around! However, that is the Borah enigma.

President Lowell and the Sacco Alibi

By GARDNER JACKSON

PRESIDENT LOWELL of Harvard fathered an episode in the Sacco-Vanzetti case which is now for the first time being revealed to people who have heretofore been content to accept his words and actions without examination.

The fifth volume of the record of the case, recently published by Henry Holt and Company, draws attention to the episode. In an appendix appears a letter addressed to President Lowell, William G. Thompson, and Herbert B. Ehrmann, the latter two counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti. The letter is written by Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham on behalf of the committee sponsoring the publication of the record which includes Elihu Root, Newton D. Baker, John W. Davis, Raymond Fosdick, Emory R. Buckner, and other prominent men. The letter follows:

DEAR SIRS:

In the preparation of the proof for the record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, a question has come up with regard to the testimony of Messrs. Bosco and Guadagni, the banquet to Mr. Williams, and the newspaper *La Notizia,* which makes it necessary for the sponsors of the record to appeal to you.

The stenographic minutes of the hearings before the advisory committee on July 14, 1927, among other statements concerning the banquet to Mr. Williams, contain the following:

"MR. THOMPSON. There must have been two banquets. PRESIDENT LOWELL. It cannot be so. He said he went and looked in his paper, therefore if it is not in his paper he did not go and look in his paper. (Addressing the witness.) You bring up your paper here at eleven o'clock tomorrow for the 16th of April and the 13th of May, 1920."

The minutes for the next day contain the following:

"(The witness Bosco who was on the stand yesterday afternoon again appeared with the editions of the paper *La Notizia,* requested by the committee, and the committee, all counsel present, and the witness looked in the book produced by the witness.)"

The last-quoted statement seems meaningless unless there is added something to indicate what the committee, the counsel, and the witness found on looking in the books containing the files of *La Notizia.* We are writing you therefore to ask you whether you will be so good as to let us have a statement as to what the committee, the counsel, and the witness found in the files of the paper.

Awaiting the favor of your reply, we are,

Yours very truly, . . .

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President Lowell's reply, as reproduced in the record, is as follows:

DEAR SIR:

On the day following the testimony of Guadagni, Bosco produced before the committee the files of the *Notizia,* by which it appears that there was a luncheon given for Mr. Williams on April 15 (the date of the murder) at an Italian priory in the North End. The committee, in their subsequent deliberations, assumed it to be a fact that besides the larger public dinner, given to Mr. Williams on May 13, this luncheon also took place on April 15.

Yours very sincerely, . . .

In the course of their reply to the letter from Mr. Flexner and Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann explain that Bosco and Guadagni "appeared unexpectedly to us in the Governor's lobby and told us they had been requested to attend by the committee."

"After Messrs. Bosco and Guadagni had left the committee room," the letter of Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann, as reproduced in the record, continues, "Mr. Lowell said, as nearly as we can recollect:

"They testified that the banquet had been given by the Italian Friars on North Bennett Street, whereas in fact it was held at Frascati's and the Friars had nothing to do with it."

We also distinctly remember that Mr. Lowell stated in a colloquy during or immediately after the testimony of these two men that a serious alibi had been destroyed by his discovery of the true date of the dinner given to Williams.

The volume of *La Notizia* containing the issue of April 16, 1920, was produced at the opening of the hearing on July 15, 1927. Mr. Bosco offered to translate the article, but Mr. Lowell said that he understood Italian and could read it for himself. He and Judge Grant then read the article, and Mr. Lowell announced that a mistake had been made.

Bosco and Guadagni, at the request of the committee, withdrew, and the committee conferred together. There followed a discussion, in which we participated, in the course of which Mr. Lowell said that there must have been two dinners, and that Mr. Williams had inadvertently misinformed the committee. He said he had received the information from Mr. Williams through Mr. Stratton, and asked Mr. Stratton to call Mr. Williams on the long-distance telephone at Washington. This Mr. Stratton did in the room where we were, and said that Mr. Williams now remembered there was only one dinner, and that it was on April 15. Mr. Lowell then said that Mr. Williams had made another mistake in forgetting the second dinner.

Mr. Thompson reminded Mr. Lowell that he had said on the previous day that a serious alibi had been destroyed, and suggested that as the alibi had now been rehabilitated it must again be regarded as serious; also that the effect of the proceedings of the day before had been to cast a serious imputation on the honesty and good faith of Messrs. Bosco and Guadagni, who now turned out to have been honest both in their testimony at the trial and in their testimony before the committee. He added that he felt it was not fair to them to dismiss them leaving the matter as it then stood. Mr. Thompson also called attention to Bosco's testimony at the trial in which he said that he had fixed the date of his seeing Sacco in Boston by looking up the date of the Williams dinner in *La Notizia,* and asked why the committee had not looked at *La Notizia* instead of relying upon the *Transcript* and the *Gazzetta del Massachusetts.* So far as we can remember no reply was made to this inquiry by any member of the committee.

Mr. Lowell then recalled Bosco and Guadagni to the room, shook hands with each of them, and told them that he believed them to be honest and that he regretted his mistake. His words were in substance as follows:

"Gentlemen, you remember that last night I intimated that I thought you were not telling the truth. I based this upon an examination which I caused to be made in the files of the *Transcript* and *Gazzetta del Massachusetts.* I find that I was in error, and that the dinner which you testified to as having taken place on April 15, 1920, actually did take place on that day, as you testified. I wish to apologize to you and to express my regret for the mistake that has been made."

Before the two witnesses left, Mr. Bosco asked Mr. Lowell for permission to publish in *La Notizia* a brief statement of what had occurred. Mr. Lowell then declined to give him this permission. Messrs. Bosco and Guadagni then withdrew.

Mr. Thompson then said that something still remained for consideration, namely, what effect the testimony of these men and of Dentamore had upon the guilt of Sacco, and whether it did not raise a reasonable doubt of his guilt. Neither Mr. Lowell nor Mr. Stratton made any answer to this question, but Judge Grant said: "You are back just where you were before."

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann, in concluding their letter, pointed out their disturbance at finding the cryptic paragraph in the place where Mr. Lowell's apology and the preceding and subsequent discussions should have been in the stenographic minutes. "Mr. Thompson complained to Mr. Robbins, the stenographer," the letter says, "that a serious omission had been made, and inquired whether he had taken any notes of what was said by Mr. Lowell, Judge Grant, Bosco, Guadagni, Mr. Ehrmann, and Mr. Thompson. Mr. Robbins stated that he had not taken any notes of any of these statements, or any part of the episode; and when asked his reason, replied that Mr. Lowell had instructed him not to take colloquies."

In view of the fact that the stenographic minutes of the proceedings before the Lowell committee include a number of other colloquies, that seems a poor reason for excluding this particularly important series. Furthermore, one might justly ask how Mr. Robbins came to hit upon the exact form the cryptic paragraph took in the completed minutes. Did he devise that form himself or did Mr. Lowell advise him?

The inescapable conclusion is that Mr. Flexner and Mr. Burlingham, for the sponsoring committee, have uncovered a suppression by President Lowell, and that this suppression, in its psychological implication, goes right to the heart of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Stripping the episode of the dramatic details and atmosphere—and I can testify to its intense drama because I was with Bosco and Guadagni in Mr. Thompson's office the evening President Lowell thought he had caught them lying and the following morning in the Governor's lobby—this is what happened:

Bosco and Guadagni were called by the Lowell committee as surprise witnesses. The agreement between Mr. Thompson and Mr. Lowell at the outset of the investiga-

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tion was that the committee would hear only those witnesses who had new evidence to offer. Mr. Thompson was to supply a list of such witnesses for the defense; Assistant District Attorney Ranney for the prosecution. The hearing of witnesses was about over when Bosco and Guadagni appeared.

All afternoon President Lowell cross-examined Bosco and Guadagni. Mr. Thompson had not seen them before. They were witnesses at the original trial in Dedham. They had nothing new to offer. They told precisely the same stories they had told at Dedham six years before. Bosco said that he remembered being with Sacco on April 15, 1920, in Boston (the day of the murders and holdup) because there had been talk between Sacco and the others present about a banquet being given that very day to James T. Williams, at that time editor of the Boston *Transcript*, by the Franciscan Friars in the North End. This visit of Sacco, Bosco, Guadagni, and Dentamore was at a time that precluded the possibility of Sacco being in South Braintree when the crime took place. Bosco told Mr. Lowell that he checked his memory of the date by looking in the files of *La Notizia* for the account of the banquet to Mr. Williams and that he had so testified at Dedham.

Mr. Lowell said he had looked the matter up in the files of the *Transcript* and *Gazzetta del Massachusetts*, an Italian weekly in Boston, and found no account of any such banquet to Mr. Williams. There was one on May 13, 1920, but none on April 15. Furthermore, the committee had communicated with Mr. Williams in Washington and Mr. Williams corroborated these findings. From the thirty-nine typewritten pages of testimony in which President Lowell accused Bosco and Guadagni of lying it does not appear at just what time in the investigation President Lowell thought he discovered the fatal flaw in Sacco's alibi. It does appear that the discovery was made a good many days before he summoned Bosco and Guadagni.

Which gives rise to one of the several questions of basic significance that may fairly be put to President Lowell—namely, what was his attitude of mind and that of his associates, Judge Grant and President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to the defense witnesses Mr. Thompson was putting on the stand during the interval between the discovery of what the committee thought was a complete discrediting of two of Sacco's chief alibi witnesses and the summoning of those witnesses? Having this thought in their minds, how could President Lowell and his associates pay any but surface attention to the defense witnesses with new evidence?

Another question pertains to the committee's thoroughness of study and was raised by Mr. Thompson in his letter to Mr. Flexner and Mr. Burlingham. President Lowell begins his report to the Governor thus:

July 27, 1927

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

> Starting on the investigation with which you have charged us, with almost no knowledge of the evidence in the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Sacco and Vanzetti, we have felt that our first duty was to read the full stenographic report of the trial. . . .

If he and his associates read "the full stenographic report of the trial" attentively, why did they not see Bosco's testimony about looking in the files of *La Notizia* to check his memory of the banquet to Editor Williams?

Mr. Flexner and Mr. Burlingham, on behalf of the sponsoring committee of noted lawyers, have rendered a public service in making public President Lowell's suppression of vital evidence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case. For I submit that it cannot be termed anything but suppression. President Lowell not only had the stenographic minutes arranged to omit this evidence. He did not so much as refer to it in his final report on the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

"Young Love" in Philadelphia

By SAMSON RAPHAELSON

PLAY censorship in Philadelphia is achieved through a committee appointed by the Mayor. This committee consists of Dr. S. Poole, formerly a practicing clergyman, and four other prominent citizens, one of them a society woman. About a month ago, after reading a quotation from Robert Benchley describing my play, "Young Love," as a "nice, clean comedy about adultery," the four men of the committee came to New York, saw "Young Love," returned to Philadelphia, and Dr. Poole announced that "Young Love" would be barred from that city. The producers of the play, somewhat perturbed, took counsel and decided to send the author to Philadelphia that he might learn wherein his play was objectionable. I went, with much eagerness.

I talked at great length with three members of the committee—Mr. Tom Love, its chairman, Dr. Poole, and Mr. J. Howard Reber. Mr. Love said, in effect, that "Young Love" is a play about an intelligent, sensitive, but fanatical girl who compels her conventional young sweetheart to have an affair with her that they may know each other better, and who then, facing 1929 skepticism about beauty in marriage, hesitates to wed her lover.

She had based her faith in marriage on one married couple of her acquaintance. But when the married man tries to make love to her, and the woman attempts a conquest of her young man, our heroine, deprived of her illusions about the possibility of achieving a perfect marriage and smitten with the exquisite logic of youth, conceives the idea of having her infidelity in advance. She nags her young man into a compact that they experiment with the older couple. The girl, heroically and with distaste, fulfils her end of the bargain. The young man, being no hero, fails. Much agony ensues and the couple is married eventually, destined, one gathers, to a more or less wretched existence.

With this synopsis I agreed. Mr. Love added that there was not one "dirty" line in the play, not one voluptuous situation. Again I agreed. Then what was wrong? The theme of the play, said Mr. Love; it might incite young people in the audience to go and do likewise. But, I asked, would young people wish to suffer likewise? Oh, it's a comedy, said Mr. Love, and the audience doesn't take the suffering seriously. Suppose, I said, we succeed in emphasizing seriously certain values in the play so that Philadelphia may see unmistakably that the wages of sexual experiment are misery. No, said Mr. Love, I still think the theme very suggestive to Philadelphia's youth. . . . Look, I said, here's

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a list of the most solid critics in New York; they found nothing immoral in the play. Mr. Love gave pause; why not talk to Dr. Poole, he said.

Dr. Poole said: Do you mean to tell me a Philadelphia girl of good family would do such a thing? I cried: Never! but the tongues of boys and girls have been released, and, if she were a particularly eager and mentally avid girl, she might *talk* it. I simply took one of the fantastic speculations of our young people and carried it to its painful human conclusions. Dr. Poole leaned forward: How about the first "experiment"—would you condone a young couple who had intimate relations before marriage? I answered after profound meditation: Frankly, I would. Dr. Poole said with triumphant finality: It is obvious that our ideas are worlds apart. . . . Listen, I said, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, New York, Newark, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Washington, Baltimore, and Boston have not banned the play. *Not Boston!* . . . Perhaps if you rewrote it here and there. . . . Why not talk to Mr. Reber, he suggested.

Mr. Reber said: Your four characters are such really superior persons, they are dignified and fine, their talk is sensitive and decent . . . if they were more common and vulgar, the play wouldn't seem so offensive to me. I asked: Why did Philadelphia welcome—in "Rain"—a theme wherein a minister of the Gospel starts to pray and remains to consort with a harlot; why did you—in "The Command to Love"—accept a theme wherein a young man is sent to a diplomatic post because the ambassadors' wives find him agreeable as a lover; why didn't you—in "The Road to Rome"—bar a theme wherein a Roman lady deliberately seduces Hannibal and merrily returns to her husband to have Hannibal's child? Mr. Reber said: We went to New York, saw your play, and passed upon it; the matter is closed. I said: You haven't answered my question. Mr. Reber said: This censorship committee does not have to defend itself to authors or anyone else. I said: You are a public servant, dealing with public morals and with art; you are answerable to the public and to the artist; it is your duty to understand why you censor and to explain why you censor. Mr. Reber said: I like a nice, clean play like "Street Scene." I said: Isn't that the play where a man finds his wife in bed with a milkman and kills them both? Mr. Reber said: Either we know our mind or we don't; wouldn't we be a laughing-stock if we reversed our decision after we had publicly banned "Young Love"? His air was final.

I bade the three gentlemen goodby, and thanked them for having given me this opportunity to observe censors behind the scenes.

In the Driftway

IN reading a recent much-discussed book of the sea the Drifter noticed that the publishers had plastered the jacket, front and back, with laudatory comments on the volume by William McFee, Heywood Broun, and Felix Riesenberg. "What is the difference," the Drifter asked (of himself because nobody else would listen), "between giving a testimonial to a book and to a cigarette?" And having put the conundrum the Drifter gave it up. For he couldn't—and can't—see any difference.

THE Drifter is assured that only two of the three men, Messrs. McFee and Riesenberg, wrote their testimonials at the request of the publishers and that none of them received payment for his tribute. That takes the curse off this particular incident, but it does not lay the specter for the future. Hitherto publishers have waited for critics to express themselves in print and then have quoted whatever was favorable. But the day appears to have arrived when publishers go into the market-place and try to engage critics as special pleaders to boost their wares. If the custom becomes general it is obvious that writers are not going to serve for nothing. And what will literary criticism do then, poor thing? Where will newspapers and magazines find men to write for them judicially, or pay the prices that can be had by selling opinions to be used as advertising? It may be said that the difficulty is not new, that publishers raised it a long time ago by the practice of getting eminent men to write laudatory introductions for books by tyros. But the comparison is not exact. Many such introductions are not paid for and, even if they are, the gesture is primarily an expression of friendship rather than a means of making money. At the worst it is a bit of literary log-rolling.

* * * * *

IT happens that just at this juncture writers have been reminded of their true function—ironically enough in the advertising columns of a New York newspaper. A London department store recently asked Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and G. Bernard Shaw to write advertisements for it. All refused, but, curiously, all were induced to write at considerable length their reasons for declining. For three successive days the store took a full page in the New York *Times* to print the answers. It is hard to see how the store gets its money's worth, but the letters are highly valuable to the public. Mr. Bennett explained his refusal in the following terms:

> The reason is that public opinion in Britain is not yet ripe to approve the employment of responsible imaginative writers to whom it has granted a reputation, in any scheme of publicity for a commercial concern. Personally I differ from public opinion in this matter; but the opinion exists and I will not flout it.

With what the Drifter regards as much greater understanding, Mr. Wells wrote that the writer's

> only paymaster ought to be the reader. We live on sales to readers and we don't accept fees. There is, we feel, an implicit understanding between writer and reader to that effect. Publishers and newspapers may buy our work for considerable sums, but that is merely a speculative anticipation of the reader's tribute.

Mr. Shaw concluded the discussion on the same note, pointing out that "all authors whose work is of sufficient weight and depth to have a formulative effect on the public mind" write in "a judicial capacity." And so "For such an author to accept payment from a commercial enterprise for using his influence to induce the public to buy its wares would be to sin against the Holy Ghost."

* * * * *

ALL of which the Drifter commends to publishers, critics, and the bossed and bullied public which pays and pays and pays in, Heaven knows, so many ways.

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

A Relic of Hate

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last Friday I passed through New York City and stopped to see that magnificent structure, the Eighth Avenue Post Office. I gazed in admiration upon its massive columns, its grand design, its vaulted domes and costly hall ceiling of high artistic value and skilled workmanship. The chief beauty of the ceiling is the exquisitely designed coats-of-arms of the United States and her sister nations. Yet the symmetry of this work of art has been marred for more than eleven years by painted cloth on frames nailed up to cover the symbols of Austria and Germany during the World War. Is the continuance of this insult to be attributed to the federal government, the archaic war sentiments of local post-office officials, or a lack of appreciation of art by the general public? I inquired of a watchman concerning the matter. He replied: "Many people ask me why they are still kept covered. The government is slow."

Boston, February 26 Clyde E. Keeler

To Pennsylvania Readers

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May we urge all of your Pennsylvania readers who were stirred to more than passing indignation by the article Murder by Coal and Iron Police in *The Nation* of March 20 to get in touch at once with one of the branches of the American Civil Liberties Union in the State: the Philadelphia Branch, American Civil Liberties Union, 1525 Locust Street, Phildelphia, or the Pittsburgh Branch, 420 Stratton Lane, Pittsburgh. Both are deeply engaged in a joint campaign to end the barbarities of the coal and iron police system, and, as powerful interests are opposing any effective reform, prompt help is needed if this work is not to fall by the way.

Philadelphia, March 17 Sophia H. Dulles

A Menace to Youth

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though we appreciate your brilliant writers and would gladly acquire their skilful handling of our mother tongue, we cannot approve of the constant fault-finding attitude which fills so many columns of your paper. Your unjust criticism of the noble, self-sacrificing leaders in our public life we consider harmful to the atmosphere of a home where young people are forming habits of thought. They must be led to appreciate the fine qualities as well as detect the undesirable.

St. Albans, Vermont, March 7 A. E. W.

Mark Twain

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am writing a biography of my kinsman, Samuel L. Clemens. If any readers of *The Nation* have letters or information regarding Mark Twain, will they please communicate with me?

Mayfield, California, March 17 Cyril Clemens

The National-Origins Plan

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I would not complain of any stand which *The Nation* might take on the national-origins plan of immigration restriction, but I consider it very unfortunate that the editorial on that subject in the issue of March 13 was written with obviously too little study of the question. Your statement that "Under this act immigration quotas are to be determined on the basis of the census of 1790," has, in so far as I have been able to ascertain, no foundation in fact. The immigration act provides that the determination of national origins shall "be based upon statistics of immigration and emigration, together with rates of increase of population as shown by successive decennial United States censuses, and such other data as may be found to be reliable." A careful study of the various analyses of our national origins shows that this process, which covers all sources of our population from the founding of our country until 1920, has been closely adhered to. The census of 1790 is included in making the analysis just as are all of the other censuses down to 1920. You could as truthfully say that the national-origins plan bases quotas on the census of 1850 or 1910 as on that of 1790. The alien groups whose quotas would be cut by the national-origins plan have carefully propagated this idea concerning the census of 1790.

Another error in the editorial was your calling Representative Albert Johnson a sponsor of the bill. The national-origins plan has had no more diplomatic but nevertheless no more consistent foe than Mr. Johnson. He was the author of the act basing quotas on the census of 1890 and he is loath to give it up. Even a casual survey of his remarks relative to national origins will show beyond a doubt his antipathy for the plan. You wonder if they "have not rather overreached themselves in desiring to preserve the United States for the descendants of the Mayflower passengers" because it would increase the quotas of certain presumably undesirable immigrants. Your premise is wrong. No one but the clever propagandist has thought of preserving the United States for the descendants of the Mayflower. The national-origins plan seeks to admit immigrants from each country in proportion as that country has contributed to our national stock. It does not discriminate. It does not put the brand of inferiority on any one. It is obviously fair to all nationalities.

Russellville, Kentucky, March 20 Martha Ragsdale

[Miss Ragsdale is justified in criticizing our editorial for saying that under the national-origins law the immigration quotas would be based upon the census of 1790. It is true that the census of 1790 would be the *most important* basis for determining these quotas, but it would not be an *exclusive* basis. Miss Ragsdale, however, seems to overstate her case when she says: "You could as truthfully say that the national-origins plan bases quotas on the census of 1850 or 1910 as on that of 1790." Almost half of the people of the United States trace their origin to the persons enumerated in the census of 1790 and the persons who arrived in this country from 1790 to 1820, *and no records of immigration by nationality were kept until 1820.* This means that the national origin of almost half of the people of the United States would be determined by guessing at the nationality of names entered in the records before 1820. The inadequate census of 1790 which did not list persons according to nationality and which was decidedly incomplete would therefore be heavily weighted in determining new quotas. We discuss the national origins provision for immigration more completely elsewhere in this issue.—Editor The Nation.]

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Books and Music

April

By FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

Now errant songs are on her lips,
Who is no longer virgin free.
With light and languid joy she slips
Among the yellowing crocus tips,
She weeps against an aspen tree,

And fretful with the life in her,
Desires and dreads the sweet increase.
She mocks her image in the blur
Of waters that the small feet stir,
And dreams upon a summer peace.

Weather Man

By JESSICA NELSON NORTH

The tower haunting heaven compass-wise
Turns softly, and the man within it turns
Softly, and turns his slow prophetic eyes,
And an old lamp burns.

The barometric needle turns and toils.
The curfew-cumulus, the garden breath,
The rising moon-mist and the down-flurry of death
Record biographies in sinuous coils.

Weather Man, Weather Man,
Turn in your turret until the coils unwind!
There is a storm, and the storm strikes from behind.
Turn rose of glass, spin on your stem.

Autumn invisible comes, and a deep cold,
And a long summer perhaps, and a sun not yet foretold.

Zenith Meets Europe

Dodsworth. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

WHAT Henry James with his habitual quotation marks used to call "Europe," thereby meaning the dim paradise for which certain Americans are always homesick, and not the actual continent of that name, has been a major theme in American fiction from the beginning. Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, Edith Wharton—all of them have busied their imaginations with the clash of manners which occurs when Americans go abroad. Unfortunately for American fiction, this major theme is one that has never deserved, and cannot deserve, to be anything more than minor. Its concerns are with superficial incidents, with gestures of awkwardness, with pinpricks of irritation, with low barriers of misconception. The great concerns of fiction lie in the regions of the heart and mind which are deeper than any of these and which have almost nothing to do with national peculiarities or limitations.

Sinclair Lewis, the first satirist of this American age, has in "Dodsworth" taken his hero abroad and has tried him over all the hurdles of the European adventure. Dodsworth goes to the standard places and has more or less the standard thoughts about them. Said to be a man of fifty, and said to be a man who has distinguished himself in affairs, he seems touchingly young and incompetent when faced with the ordinary complications of European life. He stumbles, flushes, falters, droops, and aches for Zenith. Could a man so much at home in America ever have been so much at loss in Europe? Is this, really, not a sensitive youngster disguised as a successful manufacturer? Has Dodsworth been made peculiarly simple in order to make Europe appear peculiarly complex?

The questions answer themselves, and the answers point to the method of the book, so far as the matter of "Europe" is concerned. Dodsworth is the child of nature brought into the world of civilization. The contrast is complete. It is illustrated with all the brilliant mimicry at Mr. Lewis's command. Though what his characters say now and then sounds like the author's own thoughts put into convenient mouths, the way they say it is their own, unmistakably. The novel is packed with types, American and European, studied with a documentary eye and exhibited with graphic energy. And yet they are types, chosen to serve a satiric purpose. And where the purpose is not merely satiric, it tends to become very serious. There are many disquisitions, somewhat obviously slipped into the dialogue or quite boldly offered in the narrative, upon all the general ideas about human life which can come to mind when the manners of one world are contrasted with those of another. A hundred years of American reflection upon "Europe" is summed up in "Dodsworth," in a crackle of comedy.

This, however, is not the element in the book which lifts it above "Elmer Gantry," with its occasional drop into melodrama, or "The Man Who Knew Coolidge," with its frequent drops into monotony. That element is the sympathetic insight with which, for the first time, Mr. Lewis follows the workings of a profound, unreasonable, desperate passion in one of his characters. Dodsworth has a beautiful wife. She has every failing which American customs tend to develop in the wives of rich men, along with special failings which mark her as an individual. She is vain, capricious, frigid, nagging, possessive, ignorant, pretentious. She is without loyalty, justice, kindness, elementary decency. Her specialty is the contempt which she feels for whatever her husband can be or do or say and with which she withers all his confidence. In America Dodsworth has been supported, even in the face of her contempt, by a sense of his value and success in the work he does. In Europe, having lost that support, and being thrown upon her for his chief companionship, he is slowly broken up until he is helpless against her frivolity and venom.

Satire might ask why Dodsworth should be in love with such a monster of a woman and might dismiss such love as folly. But the imagination, better able to look into the mysteries of passion, is wiser than to ask. Dodsworth does love his wife, and her poison only feeds his fever. That he loves her, no doubt, too much is easier to insist than to prove. Nobody knows how much love is too much love. Dodsworth's folly, if it is that, at least gives him a dignity which no other character of Sinclair Lewis has ever had. Even Arrowsmith was very near to being a prig. But this retired manufacturer, lost in a wilderness of leisure, has no priggishness in his devotion to the beauty which holds him in an infinite service. Though in the end he saves himself, he does not do it till his service has been fatally rejected. Even then his story closes on a note which is at once pitiful and magnificent: "He was, indeed, so confidently happy that he completely forgot Fran and he did not again yearn over her, for almost two days."

The words "for almost two days" have an authenticity,

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vibrancy, which goes beyond the reach of the comedy of manners, international or domestic. And the whole drama which they conclude, the drama of Dodsworth's splendid malady and his tragic convalescence, is presented with a depth and force which make it stand out from the comic documents which give the book its body. Much as satire can do, it cannot create like this.

CARL VAN DOREN

Joan of Another Ark

The Cradle of the Deep. By Joan Lowell. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.

IS "The Cradle of the Deep" an authentic autobiography, or is it a romance concocted by the author from a background of some seafaring experience on the Pacific Ocean? If it had been put before the public as fiction it would be entitled to a good rating as a story and a somewhat lower position as a piece of literary craftsmanship. But the publishers have precluded any consideration of the book as fiction by presenting it as "the straightaway story of Joan Lowell's first seventeen years . . . the log of her life at sea, set down by her own hand without benefit of ghost-writer." So it is either that or it is outrageous deception, entitled to the same contempt as Frederick A. Cook's narrative of his alleged discovery of the North Pole. I lack patience with those muddle-headed persons who chirp: "What difference does it make? It's a good story anyhow." The differentiation between fact and fiction is as important in literature as in science or religion. It is the supreme job that the best human intellect has set for itself throughout the ages, the one means by which we have evolved from such superstition and ignorance as we have left behind. Even the most prosaic details of actual existence have a certain interest not inherent in the most thrilling romance, and we must keep records of real life clear, not only as yardsticks by which to measure other such accounts but as means by which to judge the essential truth of fiction also—to which I do not deny a generous place of its own.

So I'm sorry that I see no sure proof in Joan Lowell's book of integrity or spuriousness. Her claim is that at the age of eleven months she was taken to sea by her father, the captain of a South Seas trading schooner, and that she lived aboard the vessel until she was seventeen years old without the benefit of any woman companion. If true, her story is a unique contribution to psychology as well as an absorbing tale of adventure. William McFee, a steamship engineer, sees in the book inherent proof of its authenticity. Lincoln Colcord who was born and spent his entire boyhood on a sailing ship—whose experience parallels that which Joan Lowell records—cites various mistakes in nautical descriptions in support of his belief that the story is largely a fairy tale. I agree that there are serious lapses in Joan Lowell's nautical lore, but when one considers that she quit the sea when only seventeen and has had seven years since in which to forget, I do not want to vote to hang the young lady on that evidence, although I might urge her to plan future crime more carefully.

On one score, however, I take issue with Joan Lowell unqualifiedly. Throughout the book she emphasizes her devotion to the code of the sea—to sailors' principles of honor. Yet her method of getting even with one of the sailors who had tried to take liberties with her was to wait until he was steering the ship through a narrow, dangerous passage among coral reefs and then to climb on the binnacle so as to cut off his view of the compass with her legs. Of course the sailor got off the course and as the captain bounded to the spot honorable little Joan slipped away and kept mum. The poor sailor, who *did* follow the code of the sea, took an awful walloping rather than betray the person who had got him into trouble.

I disagree, too, with Mr. McFee's belief that the content of the book, the episodes related and the manner of their telling, is proof of genuineness. Mr. McFee has traveled the ocean enough to know that it is not crowded with adventure. On the contrary, the very essence of life on shipboard is its eventlessness (if there isn't such a word, there ought to be). No occupation in the world has been so romanticized as that of the sailor. The sea is the landsman's last fairyland. While ready and desirous to know the truth about other aspects of life, he seems determined that the sea shall not be robbed of its pristine glamor. Joan Lowell caters delightfully to that demand. Most of the episodes which she relates are possible. The one which I find it hardest to swallow is the last, in which the ship's company escapes from the burning schooner by swimming three miles at night in an open sea to a lightship. Only an unusually strong swimmer could do that. One may grant that Joan and her father were such, but in general sailors are poor swimmers or cannot swim at all. It is highly unlikely that any one ship would contain more than two or three persons capable of the feat described.

But the primary trouble with Joan Lowell's episodes is not that they are impossible but that they are too numerous. Even in seventeen years so many events do not come into the life of one person or one ship. Joan Lowell's story reads like a collection of all the good sea anecdotes of which she ever heard. I don't assert that it is such; I don't know. I do know that her sea is not like any on which I have ever sailed.

ARTHUR WARNER

An Heroic Figure

Schumann-Heink. The Last of the Titans. By Mary Lawton. The Macmillan Company. $5.

SCHUMANN-HEINK is an extraordinary woman and this is an extraordinary narrative—extraordinary in its frankness, its directness, and the moving character of this great singer's story. It is announced as a book by Miss Lawton, but what Miss Lawton has done is to let Schumann-Heink speak for herself in the first person with such fidelity of reporting that her rare personality shines through every page. One can almost hear her familiar accent! It is thus an autobiography of first rank in which the stage triumphs of "Heink" are no more stressed than the pathos and suffering of her life. No one can read this book without being deeply moved, even perhaps to tears.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink began life as the daughter of a lieutenant in the Austrian army, who did not know how to practice birth control. He had a mere pittance on which to live; the result was that Ernestine frequently went hungry. Once, discovering a circus, she cleaned out the monkey cages and did anything else that she could in return for food, a warm and nourishing dinner. From the age of three she sang and danced, imitating her mother, who had a naturally fine voice, though an undeveloped one. Through the kindness and generosity of Marietta von Leclair, a retired opera singer, she was well trained from the beginning, and after being rejected for the Viennese opera because of her face (!) and her poverty she obtained an engagement at seventeen in the Dresden opera. Meanwhile the babies had been coming to her mother with absolute regularity, and when she finally obtained the coveted opera contract she broke down and cried and told the director that she could not accept for the fall because she must see her mother through another confinement. The director laughed and assured her that her pay of three thousand six hundred marks would enable her mother to keep a servant.

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Unfortunately for Schumann-Heink she married Herr Heink, her first husband, when but eighteen, lost her contract at the opera for marrying without permission, and drifted with her husband to Hamburg to sing small parts in a desperate effort to keep the wolf from the door. Learning nothing from her mother's experience, the babies came one after the other. Her husband then deserted her, leaving her to care for herself and her three children on $10 a month. Just a few hours before her third child was born she sang in opera. Unable to pay for a nurse or doctor she gave $2.50 to a midwife to see her through her third confinement. With nothing left in her apartment but three chairs and a bed, she started out one evening with her three ill-clad children to throw herself and them before a railroad train to end her misery. The train was at hand and they were at the track when her little daughter rendered the tragedy impossible by screaming, "Mamma, Mamma, I love you, I love you, take me home."

Somehow or other this superb woman and artist with her glorious physique struggled through two unhappy marriages and one that ended in the death of her second husband, and brought up her nine children, only to lose one in a German submarine during the war while the rest of her sons were in the American army. Tragedy has always pursued her; a second son died in her arms from pneumonia. Yet through it all she was able to concentrate on her art in such a way as to achieve the goal of her ambition, to be the foremost contralto in the world, one of the greatest opera and Lieder singers. Even today, at sixty-eight, she sings, and sings magnificently, as at the last Republican convention, with voice still powerful and full, and her musical temperament unchanged—the living embodiment of the truth that a woman can be a great artist on the stage and a still greater mother. It is an heroic story of character and will-power, triumphant over incredible obstacles, coupled with one of the kindest and biggest and most generous of hearts.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Evolution of a Dictator

Making the Fascist State. By Herbert W. Schneider. Oxford University Press. $5.

Le Regime Fasciste Italien. Par Francesco Luigi Ferrari. Paris: Editions Spes. 25 francs.

ASK any citizen of these States what he thinks of Mussolini and his government, and in nine out of ten cases you will get, as though from a phonographic record, an answer in almost precisely these words: "Well, he has pulled some pretty rough stuff, but after all he saved Italy from Bolshevism, you can't deny that."

Of course you can deny that, and you can quote the whole factual record against it. But the more facts you quote the more you weary your vis-a-vis. Quite naturally. A busy man or woman cannot be expected to make a detailed survey of the niceties of Italian internal politics. One must choose from among the formulas offered by those who have sifted the data. And the siftings which have hitherto been presented to Americans have either dramatized Mussolini as a black-shirted Galahad rescuing a fair maiden named Italy from the claws of a red dragon named Bolshevism, or else as a tyrant trampling a beautiful corpse named Liberty into the mud. Nearly everyone who has written about Fascism has argued on one side or the other of the Mussolini legend, but no one, so far as I know, has ever taken the trouble to examine all the published facts until Herbert W. Schneider undertook to "investigate the construction of Fascist theories in terms of the varying practical situations into which the movement was forced by dint of circumstances."

There is an abundance of published material bearing on the origin and evolution of Fascism. The greater part of the record is open to anyone who can read. But only Mr Schneider has taken the trouble to read it. There is no evidence in his book that he has had access to any secret sources of information; he has simply studied what might have been studied by any of the thousands who have been telling us the "real truth" about Mussolini and Fascism. And as a result of this extraordinary act—that he studied the record before he wrote—he has written the unique book about Fascism. It is not merely a question of good intentions; many have written in an "impartial" spirit. But, so rare is factual history in this age of slogans and legends, that he alone has achieved a record which will be of any use to the future historian.

The record promptly disposes of the Galahad myth. Mussolini was no crusader for right and justice as he saw it; he was no knight with a flaming sword leading his yeomen to victory or death. Death, in the political sense, was the very last thing Mussolini wanted to achieve. When internationalism was popular in Italy, he proclaimed that Italy must be a member of a Federation of Europe; when occupation of the factories was popular among the workers, he went to an occupied factory and made a speech applauding the policy. When violence was generally deplored, he carefully refrained from urging his followers to violent action. And when he could see no popular issue at all to tie to, he simply stood up and said: "We don't know what we want, but we intend to get it." You can make a list of every major and minor issue in Italian politics in the last twenty years and you can quote Mussolini on both sides of each.

But, once you destroy the Galahad legend, you must account in some other way for Mussolini's extraordinary power. Happy accident was an element in it, as in the career of every other man who has achieved prominence. But accident cannot explain his present power to make or break anyone in Italy, from the richest Milan banker to the humblest artisan at a provincial crossroads. The mystery is usually explained by the word "genius," but if you wish to know what particular kind of genius it was which built the present Fascist machine, you must read Mr. Schneider's record. There you will see, not the dashing, idealistic patriot, but the supple, cautious politician, out-guessing, out-maneuvering all his opponents, never willingly taking a chance until he knew he had the preponderance of strength on his side. How he organized the thousands of local groups (*fascii*) of village trouble-makers (idealistic patriots or petty criminals looking for loot) into the present tightly knit Fascist organization is a story of political manipulation unmatched in modern history. In Mr. Schneider's pages the legend of the dashing crusader fades, but the reality of the devious politician assumes gigantic proportions.

In this book, the internal evolution of the Fascist party is for the first time made intelligible. The struggle between the Mussolinian central autocracy and the *rasismo* of the local bosses becomes a coherent narrative. The characteristic institutions of Fascism, such as the famous "syndical state," are explained as the resultants of conflicting forces. The chapter War and Empire is the first satisfactory résumé of Mussolinian foreign policy which I have seen; it gives a true picture of Mussolini, the tireless experimenter, fumbling all around Europe to find support for his Mediterranean Empire. (Although he has scored brilliant successes, he is still fumbling.) And all is conveyed not through the conclusions of the author, but through the obvious narrative of the assembled facts. Particularly valuable are the hundred pages of admirably selected excerpts from original speeches, documents, memoirs, and pamphlets which illustrate and fix the story of Fascism at various periods. I could only wish that the successive and highly contradictory platforms of the party had been given in

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full. This is not to say that Mr. Schneider has told the whole story. The whole story cannot be told until most of the actors in it are dead. Particularly the intrigue which made possible that imposing civic masque called the March on Rome, and the sinister grinding of inner wheels which gave Mussolini the victory after the Matteotti crisis, are still matters of surmise to which Mr. Schneider, wisely keeping to his adopted plan, hardly refers. The surprising thing, and a thing which should give pause to historians (and journalists), is that the contemporary record is relatively so complete and coherent, and legend so unnecessary.

Professor Ferrari's book is just as conscientious, just as painstaking in its citation of fact, just as earnest in its spade-work as Mr. Schneider's. But curiously it is unconvincing and in the end, meaningless. This is not because he proceeds sturdily from a *parti pris*—that of a liberal who believes that liberty is the most precious of political benefits and that Mussolini has wantonly crushed it. It is rather, I believe, because of his method of approach to the subject. Professor Ferrari undertakes to examine what Fascism really "is." Mr. Schneider undertakes to tell how it happened. The one assumes that Fascism is a condition; the other that it is a process, or as Nietzsche would have said, a "becoming." As a result the one is a lifeless study, true today and untrue tomorrow, while the other is a complex picture, caught *sur le vif*, of political man struggling to attain some sort of stability.

History, as Professor Robinson shows once for all in "The Fall of Rome," is not a series of events but a process. You never really know the truth about anything until you know how it happened. It is this passion for finding out how Fascism happened that enabled Mr. Schneider to write the uniquely valuable book which we now possess on the Fascist movement.

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Mr. Pope and Other Poems. By Allen Tate. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.

MR. ALLEN TATE is the third considerable poet the new and insurgent South has so far given us; yet if we compare his work with that of Mr. Ransom and Mr. Davidson, who are his contemporaries in date and spirit, there are apparent as many dissimilarities as correspondences. It seems to be the fate of all those who would add anything to serious American literature to have to approach the problem of differentiating their own local traditions from the mass of universal standardized divagation into mechanical repeat-patterns, by employing some method of vision that is too personal and intensely individual ever to be used twice over. For the material, the tradition, that Mr. Tate uses as his poetical background is the same as that of Mr. Ransom and Mr. Davidson, yet no one could say that these three men write much like one another. Compare them with three English poets, coevals in spirit—say Keats, Blake, or Shelley—and the differences leap to the eye.

There is also the question of poetical influences to be considered in the case of so young a man as Mr. Tate. He has obviously absorbed more of the outlook and manner of T. S. Eliot and of Arthur Rimbaud than either of the poets whose names I have just mentioned; and this type of poetry, with its agonized search for absolute values, has made him at once more "native" in spirit and yet more "foreign" in detail than either Ransom or Davidson. Not for him the oblique slant of irony, the urbane disillusionment with which Mr. Ransom regards the South; nor the direct and massive simplicity with which Mr. Davidson contrasts the past and present-day conditions of life

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n the region below Mason's and Dixon's celebrated line. His ony is much more direct and unresolved, his interest in the resent day all the more intense precisely because it belongs o an order of phenomena that he has neither willed nor anticiated. The demagogic chaos of our day tortures him, yet he nds no avenue of escape from it. Intensely aware as he is hat the old life in the South was the last attempt made by the Anglo-Celtic race to reconcile the tradition of aristocratic culure with republican zeal for liberty, he can find no consolaion for its defeat. In the last poem in his book, Mr. Tate efers to his Muse as possessing a "fierce Latinity"; the phrase s striking and obviously means more to him than the memory f a lesson learned in a yawning schoolroom.

What is this Southern Latinity of which Mr. Tate's poems ffer such brilliant examples? It is, if we may be allowed the paradox, a Latinity highly Celticized, made richer by assoiation with the Northern values of chivalry and nature poetry nd metaphysic: a Latinity which bears as much resemblance o the true Pagan Latinity as the Christian Latin poetry of the Middle Ages bears to Ennius or Lucretius. We may find its erminating impulse in Catullus or Vergil, rather than in the uave stateliness of Horace, the exoticism of Apuleius, the Mediterranean grossness of Petronius. Its influence is perhaps nore apparent in the tortured sublimities of Donne or Webster han in the frigid rhetoric of Cicero, the journalism of Caesar. But, above all, it is a Latinity inspired by a world-scorning conempt for the present day, and as such it is medieval in essence. Mr. Tate's manner of writing recalls the analogy of flamboyant Gothic architecture; there is the same tendency to elaborate ornament for its own sake, the same perpetual avoidance of he center, the same sense of strain and tension. Such a manner is extremely difficult to maintain at the present day, in so automatic, relativistic, and unabsolute a world as ours is. Mr. Tate's own work clearly reveals this difficulty, in so far as t frequently makes a brave start only to collapse into thwarted obscurity and in portentous incoherence.

Whether this defect can ever be remedied in Mr. Tate's case, or whether he will altogether abandon the struggle, as did Rimbaud, and so cease to write poetry, I cannot venture to predict. Nevertheless, he remains for the moment a poet, and whenever he deliberately narrows his range of knowledge to that of the past alone, as in the impressive Ode to the Confederate Dead, he is a major poet. This is proved, above all, by the intensity with which he regards the world; an intensity which manifests itself in phrases which, if taken separately, would make the reputation of a dozen different poets. He has the quality, extremely rare in the past, and even more so in our day, of looking on the world as if it were newly created.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Fiction Shorts

The Years Between. Second Series. III: *The Secret of the Bastille.* IV: *The Heir of Buckingham.* By Paul Feval and M. Lassez. Translated by John W. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. Two volumes. $5.

These two volumes form the sequel and conclusion to "The Mysterious Cavalier" and "Martyr to the Queen": the entire four volumes constitute a daringly successful attempt, not merely to bridge the gap between "The Three Musketeers" and "Twenty Years After" but to capture the very qualities of Dumas's style. D'Artagnan reappears, of course, and for good measure we have Cyrano de Bergerac. The books are cheerfully recommended to all those suffering with dyspepsia brought on by over-indulgence in slices of life. The translation by Mr. Chase is highly efficient.

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The Molehill. By Alice Ritchie. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

If this is a first novel, it is a noticeably good one. Miss Ritchie takes a group of people who are engaged in clerical work at Geneva, and by posing their mean emotions and personal struggles against the subtly delineated background of the League of Nations achieves a high level of irony. The point of the book is more intelligently indicated by the title of the English edition—"The Peacemakers." The League workers form a sort of new race—heterogeneous, transplanted, artificially organized. It is in her malicious, often bitter presentation of the indecisiveness and futility of these people that Miss Ritchie secures her most interesting effects.

Reini Kugel: Lover of This Earth. By Jake Falstaff. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Falstaff tries hard to follow in the footprints of François Rabelais but his shoes are too small. There are several good jokes and a couple of lusty songs in this satiric extravaganza, but the net impression one gains is that of a good-humored literary exercise. For a book which makes a boast of its freedom from inhibitions "Reini Kugel" is remarkably close-mouthed when it is a question of the hero's amorous adventures.

Portrait of a Celibate. By Alec Waugh. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

The difficulty with this otherwise very interesting novel is that Mr. Waugh cannot make up his mind whether to tell the story of a strangely frustrated love or to present a fictionized plea for more humane and intelligent divorce legislation. The fall between the two stools is accomplished, however, with considerable grace and agility. Mr. Waugh's middle-class English hero is dull; and Mr. Waugh knows he is dull. But the curious legal ramifications of the very careful plot suffice to intrigue the reader, despite the rubber-stamp characterization.

C. P. F.

Music

Fra Gherardo

AMONG the four novelties presented this season by the Metropolitan, not the least provocative and stimulating in effect is the latest work of Ildebrando Pizzetti. For this latter-day Italian is among those who would purge opera of its dross and garniture, and who apparently has molded his procedure according to the ancient Greek formulas as well as the classic Italian opera that flourished in the days of Monteverdi. With Pizzetti at any rate, as with few others of his contemporaries, the play is supremely the thing and everything that interferes with its importance is ruthlessly sacrificed. Indeed he has overshadowed his music with a libretto of stark and elemental power, picturesque and gorgeous as a medieval tapestry, and exhaling the fanatic breath of thirteenth-century Italy's tyrannies and hatreds. Moreover, the play itself gathers such momentum that the music is all but forgotten, and we find ourselves paradoxically conscious but at the same time almost unaware of its existence. And it is by no means weak-kneed music; on the contrary it has sharp edges and at times exults in a sort of poisonous harshness of utterance. It is music of resounding modernity, and at the same time it loses the contour of the present in echoes of old modes and patterns. And finally this score is completely unlyric. The composer seems to be outdoing in this direction his compeers Montemezzi and Debussy. But unfortunately he possesses as the root of his musical style neither the burning intensity of a

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Montemezzi nor the revealing subtleties of Debussy's idiom. Consequently, when our attention is drawn from the swift dramatic march of text and situations, we long for a bit of relief from the arid starkness of this music, and ask of ourselves whether an occasional lyric outburst would not have enhanced this full-blooded drama.

Is the complete forswearing of lyric appeal advisable? Does not Moussorgsky in "Boris" mount skyward amid the triumphant refrains of his great choruses, and does his drama suffer on account of the lyric clan of these choruses? Pizzetti himself, through his use of the chorus as commentator of the action, has added a leaf to Moussorgsky's book. For it is in his use of the chorus that Pizzetti has been most spontaneously eloquent, revealing almost uncanny intuition in his massing of effects and knowledge of crowd psychology as well as in the details of characterization. We may indeed say that "Fra Gherardo" is to a large extent a choral opera, and too high praise cannot be bestowed on Mr. Setti and the Metropolitan forces for the virtuosity implied in the mastery of a shifting panorama of highly difficult ensembles. The work is magnificently mounted, thanks to Mr. Urban's imaginative skill, and in every detail of this production the management has set for itself new records.

It is not only in bringing out these novelities that the Metropolitan has added luster to its reputation. The recent performance of the Wagner cycle and revival of "Der Freischütz" have been on an almost equally high plane. May we not hope for further Weber revivals next season? After all, in the over-complex operatic world of today the voice of his perennially melodious and naive romantic comes with increasing rather than lessening appeal.

Of similar charm, although of different school, was the recent production of Bach's "Phoebus and Pan" by the Little Opera Company. This organization deserves encouragement and support. During this first year of its activities it has given in quite a modest way several admirable English productions of lyric rarities and opéra-comique such as we have far too little chance of hearing on this side of the water. May this company increase its productive activity next season and, taking courage in hand, give us revivals of "La Fille de Madame Angot," and perhaps some of the Offenbach operettas that have as yet not found their way to our shores. We need such revivals to counter-balance the worthlessness and froth of most of the musical comedies of the hour.

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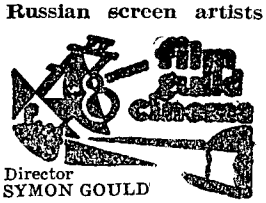

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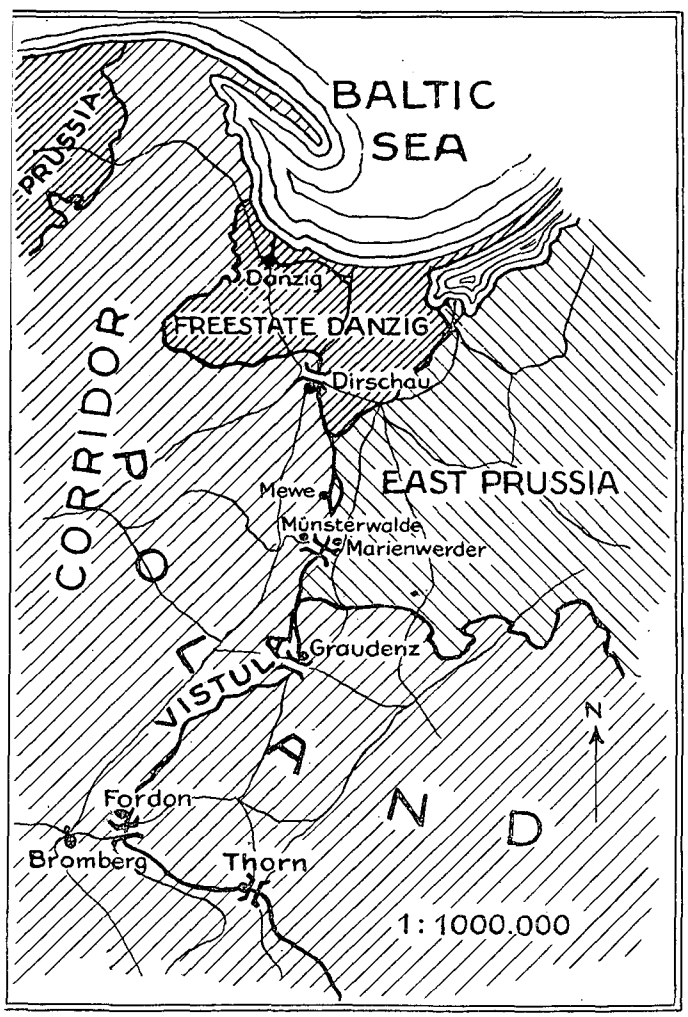
International Relations Section

Polish Vandalism

By MAX BAHR

THE Versailles treaty, which separated East Prussia from Germany by ceding to Poland the corridor and by establishing the free state of Danzig, fixed s the boundary between Poland and East Prussia "the main ıipping line of the Vistula," which means the middle of ıe river. In defiance of this treaty, the commission for fix-ıg the German-Polish frontier gave to Poland in 1922 the /hole bridge of Münsterwalde and five villages on the astern side of the river, thus cutting off German Prussia rom the Vistula at this point. In December, 1925, by greement between Germany and Poland this bridge was xed as the highway for dutiable goods, but in spite of this 'oland is now tearing down the bridge. At present more han one-third of the bridge has been destroyed, and in a ear nothing will be left.

The Vistula is by far the largest river in the eastern ıart of Germany, in length, breadth, and quantity of water ully equaling the Rhine. The floating ice in spring fre-ıuently makes the river impassable for a week or more. Jntil 1909 between Thorn on the former Russian frontier and Danzig, the harbor at the Baltic, there were, in a distance of 175 kilometers, only three bridges (Fordon, Graudenz, and Dirschau) over this mighty river. To relieve this situation Prussia built, in 1907-1909, the Münsterwalde bridge at an expense of 9,000,000 marks. It was 1,058 meters long, the greatest bridge of Germany and a masterpiece of technical skill. Now Poland tears it down. Is it not a most outrageous piece of vandalism?



Why does Poland do this? Evidently for the purpose of obstructing or annihilating intercourse between German East Prussia and what is now Polish West Prussia, although at the same time she cuts off her own newly gained subjects on the east side of the river from their Polish government, from physicians, and markets. Replacing the bridge by ferry boats, which are useless against heavy floating ice, can certainly not be regarded as a sensible substitute for the bridge.

Poland's policy is short-sighted and a menace to the peace of Europe. Most of the European nations have realized that they cannot thrive except by peaceful understanding and mutual exchange of products. Does Poland not understand that the great lending nations of America and Europe will never give their money to nations which by their insanity threaten new wars to mankind? And certainly Poland is in sore need of financial help from these lending nations. A thunderstorm of wrath ought to bring her to her senses. All mankind is suffering from the consequences of the World War with millions of unemployed and mountains of national debt. Now Poland is demonstrating the same kind of national greed and petty selfishness which brought Europe to ruin in 1914. It is the duty of all nations to raise their voices against the kind of aggression of which Poland is guilty at the Münsterwalde bridge. The United States and England are the nations whose protests would be most effective in forcing a change of Polish policy.

Non-Cooperation in India

WE reprint from the Calcutta *Forward* the text of the resolution introduced by Mahatma Gandhi and passed by the Indian National Congress at Calcutta in the last days of 1928, which delivers an ultimatum to Great Britain. The constitution mentioned here, which provides for Dominion status, was drawn up during the summer of 1928 by an All-Parties Committee headed by Pandit Motilal Nehru, prominent Indian leader and presiding officer of the Congress in Calcutta.

> This Congress, having considered the constitution recommended by the All-Parties Committee Report, welcomes it as a great contribution toward the solution of India's political and communal problems and congratulates the committee on the virtual unanimity of its recommendations; and whilst adhering to the resolution relating to complete independence passed at the Madras Congress, approves of the constitution drawn up by the committee as a great step in political advance. . . .
>
> Subject to the exigencies of the political situation, this Congress will adopt the constitution, if it is accepted

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in its entirety by the British Parliament on or before December 31, 1929, but in the event of its non-acceptance by that date or its earlier rejection, the Congress will organize a campaign of non-violent non-cooperation by advising the country to refuse taxation and in such other manner as may be decided upon.

Consistently with the above, nothing in this resolution shall interfere with carrying on in the name of the Congress of propaganda for complete independence.

Meanwhile the Congress shall engage in the following activities:

1. In the legislatures and outside every attempt will be made to bring about total prohibition of intoxicating drugs and drinks; picketing of liquor and drug shops shall be organized wherever desirable and possible.

2. Inside and outside the legislatures methods suited to respective environments shall be immediately adopted to bring about boycott of foreign cloth by advocating and stimulating production and adoption of hand-spun and hand-woven Khaddar.

3. Specific grievances, wherever discovered and where people are ready, shall be sought to be redressed by non-violent action.

4. Members of legislatures returned on the Congress ticket shall devote the bulk of their time to the constructive work settled upon by the Congress Committee.

5. The Congress organization shall be perfected by enlisting members and enforcing stricter discipline.

6. Measures shall be taken to remove the disabilities of women and they will be invited and encouraged to take their due share in national up-building.

7. Measures shall be taken to rid the country of social abuses.

8. It will be the duty of all Hindu Congressmen to do all they can to remove untouchability and help the so-called untouchables in every possible way in their attempt to remove their disabilities and better their condition.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS contributed a series of articles—With Sandino in Nicaragua—to *The Nation.*

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